P. H. van Hove sculp:

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# SCARRON INCENS'D:

OR,

His Appearing to

Madam de Maintenon,

His late Wife,

Reproaching her Amours with

# *LEWIS the Great,*

Present King of *France.*

And discovering several SECRETS of that COURT,

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Written by a Lady in French.

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*LONDON,*

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# TO THE READER.

I Make you this small Present, not through any Inducements of Vanity, nor to set up for an Author, not having the Honour to be known to ye. Your Divertisement is my Design, and

to give you a faithful Account of ſome Particulars of the Court of *France*, always abounding in Amorous Intrigues, which merit Attention, and the Pains of committing 'em to White Paper, as coming from the moſt Polite Part of the World, and where all the Sweets of Life are taſted with the greateſt Pleaſure.

The Subject of my Story is a Real Adventure that

that lately befell Madam *de Maintenon*, as you will find by the Sequel. *Scarron* appear'd to her with a penſive and louring Air, and upbraided her with the whole Conduct of her Life, but more-eſpecially with her Amorous Correſpondence with *Lewis the Great*. The Perſons I have made choice of to accompany his Ghoſt into this World, will make you believe, perhaps, the Story to be Fabulous; but my

dear Friend, let not that infuse into you my Sentiments of Incredulity. For I only mention the same Person which the Marchioness of *Maintenon* nam'd her self, in recounting one of her Dreams to a Lady of my intimate Acquaintance, for whom she has a passionate Kindness, and in whose Breast she lodges all her Secrets, who was pleas'd to impart to me the knowledge of it in these Words, *That*

*she*

she found her self in a deep melancholy, for having seen and spoken to M. Scarron, who was attended by his Friends La Rapiniere, La Rancune, and Ragotin.

You are not ignorant that these Illustrious Personages were Famous Heroe's in the Romances of that Author, and that he mentions 'em every day, as well as our Heroes; for she had also her impor-

tant Shares in his Conversations, for the Pastime of the Court. Moreover, the Pilgrimages and Penances which the Marchioness has lately undertaken, may be look'd upon as sensible Proofs of the Truth of her Vision; those Hardships being thought a sort of Exorcisms to send *Scarron* to a Place where he may be better employ'd then to take notice of his Wife's Behaviour in this World: for

for 'tis thought he is ſtill in Purgatory, and is afraid his Wife will follow him thither. Which is the reaſon that the poor Lady is continually at her Prayers; eſpecially at St. *Cyr*, whither I have the Honour frequently to accompany her, as being very much in her Favour.

Theſe are the prevailing Reaſons why I durſt not give this Hiſtory to the Bookſellers in *France*, being

being assur'd that they would never have printed it, by reason of certain Passages in it that nearly concern the Court; and you know 'tis a dangerous thing to have Potent Enemies.

Therefore I resolv'd to send it into *Holland*, in hopes it would there be welcome: for every Body has an itching Ear for what passes in this Kingdom, and more particularly,

cularly all Men gape after the Secrets of the *Louvre*.

If you meet with any Faults in reading this small History, be so kind as to remember, that 'twas a Lady that wrote it, pursuing partly such Adventures as she had seen with her own Eyes, and partly to deceive her solitary Half Hours. In the mean time, I should be over-joy'd to hear that she had gain'd her Point; which

was,

was, to pleaſe your Fancies with telling Truth, and which for that reaſon occaſion'd her Gadding abroad: aſſuring you, that merely that Satisfaction would make me gladly to forget the Trouble I have had to keep her ſecret in this Country.

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SCAR-

# SCARRON Appearing TO Madam *de Maintenon*, &c.

THE Posture of the *French* Affairs at this day, obliges the Most Christian King, as every body knows, to keep fair with the Northern Crowns; from whom as he may reap great Advantages, so his Majesty neglects nothing to preserve their Amity. Of which, his Officious Sedulity which he made appear in the magnificent Entertainments that he gave the Prince of *Denemark*, during his stay in *Paris*, was a sufficient proof: and it may be said, that the Court of *France* out-did it self at that time; there being

being nothing omitted to engage that Prince, and lock him to her Interests.

To this purpose Madam *de Maintenon*, and all the rest of the Court Ladies, had Orders from his Majesty, to caress him with all imaginable Kindness; and therefore to charm the Prince's Youthful Heart, she resolv'd to appear in a Ball, which the Duke of *Orleance* prepar'd for 'em in the Palace-Royal. This Ball had been preceded by a most Sumptuous Banquet, to which the Prince of *Denemark*, Monseigneur the *Dauphin*, the Princes and Princesse were invited. Several Healths went briskly about; and the King's, and that of the Princes who were Kind to him in the Present War, in not entring into the Confederacy against him, were drank first; after which the *Dauphin*'s Health, and the Healths of all the Princes of the Blood went round, and then the Prince of *Denemark*'s, and that of the Young Princess of his Mistress. Presently after this, the Duke of *Orleance*, whispering to the Prince, gave him

him to understand the extream Joy of his Majesty and the whole Court to see so perfect a Union, and so strict an Amity between the two Crowns: to which he added, that the most prevailing means to render that Amity and that Union eternal and and inviolable, was to see one day his Royal Highness wedded to a Princess of *France*.

The Banquet being over, they prepar'd for Dancing, and the Princesses appear'd with that Pomp and Magnificence, that the like had never been seen. The Duke of *Orleance* perceiving that the Company thickened by reason of a great number of Lords and Ladies that had not been invited, caus'd the Apartment, where he was together with the Princes and Princesses to be shut, and left the rest of the Croud in the *New Gallery* of the Palace, with the Musick, where they made up a second Ball, and where several Ladies of Quality were habited in Masquerade. In the Prince's and Princess's Apartment, the Dutchess of *Chartres* being Queen of the Ball, took out the Prince of *Den-*

*mark*

*mark* several times to dance. Nor was any thing so charming, as that Young Beauty, the Lustre of whose Jewels drew upon her the Eyes of all the Assembly.

Madam *de Maintenon*, whose Care did not a little contribute to the Good Order which was there observ'd, was taken out in her Turn by the Prince to dance, but she refus'd him, and repay'd the Honour which he did her with a Profound Reverence, without stirring out of her Place. She answer'd the Prince of *Denemark*, who address'd to her, That her Character of Governess of St. *Cyr*, would not permit her so much Youthfulness; That she was there only as a Spectatrix, for that she had a long time ago, bid adieu to the Pleasures of the World.

Nor was her Answer to be wonder'd at, for in truth that Lady is at this day the Greatest Pattern of Piety in *France*. However it were, never were the *French* Ladies so forwardly eager to make their Magnificence glitter in the

Eyes

Eyes of Foreign Princes, as they were at that time. Toward Midnight several Pleasing Metamorphoses took place, every one appearing in disguize and Masquerade. The Prince of *Denemark* disguiz'd himself like a *Moresco* Slave, attended by Eight Lords that accompany'd him in the same disguize. The Prince's Patron, taking upon him to personate a *Bashaw*, presented him to all the Ladies of the Court, to see who would buy him, which occasion'd the most pleasing Pastime in the World: and twelve young English Lords sent by King *James*, appear'd at the same time like *Quakers*, which made all the Company Laugh, and was an Extraordinary Addition to the Spectatours delight.

After so many various Metamorphoses, at length appear'd a Lord disguiz'd like a Devil. Nothing ever appear'd so hideously dreadful: the Dismal Appearance was so terrible to the Ladies, but more especially the Dutchess of *Chartres*, that they were forc'd to take a world of Pains before they could allay the

the Commotions of her Fear; and in regard of her Condition, not so seasonable for such sort of Spectacles, they were in terrible Fears that she would have miscarry'd: but it so fell out, that she was more afraid then hurt.

Madam *de Maintenon* by this time perceiving 'twas past one a Clock, retir'd first of all *Incognito*, and being got into her Chamber, she call'd *La Caverna*, one of her Damsels, who spread her Toilet, and brought her all her Accoutrements to pass away the Night. Now Madam *de Maintenon* is a Woman proper and delicately shap'd, plump, full visag'd, lovely Eyes, and about five and forty Years of Age, but still appearing Young; Learned and extreamly Witty, well vers'd in the Lives of the Saints, but particularly in that of St. *Louis*, to which she applies her self with extraordinary Attention, reading in it every day an Hour or two before she goes to Bed.

By such Pious Exercises as these she has render'd her self worthy the tenderness

ness of the Holy Society: and *Lewis* the XIV. from whom the Merit of this Lady could not be conceal'd, has vouchsaf'd her both his Heart and his Affections, which gives us a perfect Demonstration of the nice and delicate Judgment of that Prince: as having never ty'd himself but to Persons of her Character. Consider him in the Choice of his first Mistress, Mademoiselle *de Mashini*, who was by no means handsome, and had the worst Air in the World, but she was infinitely witty; and they that had heard her but speak, forgot all her other Defects. Mademoiselle *de la Valiere*, had no less the Ascendant over the Heart of this Monarch, even to the raising of Violent Passions in his Breast. But let us leave this Prince to his Tender Affections, and see what became of our Heroess Madam *de Maintenan*? After some moral Considerations, she took up a Book, entituled, *Reflections upon the Mercy of God*, by Madam *de Valiere*. This devout Damsel having written the most curious Thoughts that ever were, and with Expressions enough to move the most worldly

worldly minded; in those Meditations it was that our Pious Marchioness was Exercising her Thoughts, when she heard a noise in her Chamber. She thought at first it had been *Diana* her little Bitch; but looking behind her, she saw a Man with a Night-Cap upon his Head, wrap't up in a Winding-Sheet. Who should it be but her Husband *Scarron*, that Famous Author, whose touring Genius, and his Verses, have made such a noise upon the Earth, and who is still no less good Company in the Kingdom of *Pluto*, accompany'd with three of his Friends, *Rancune*, carrying a *Folio*, entitl'd, [*The Annals of Hell, wherein are contain'd all the most Secret Actions of Mortals.*] *La Rapiniere*, who carry'd the Contract of Marriage before God and their Consciences, pass'd between *Lewis* XIV. King of *France* and *Navarr*, sirnam'd *God's Gift*, and *Frances d'Aubigne*, Widow of Mr. *John Scarron*: And *Ragotin*, who carry'd the Flambeau; but he, out of Respect, retir'd into the next Gallery. Madam *de Maintenon*, who was not a little dismay'd to see so much Funeral Pomp, would fain have hid

hid her self in her Closet, had not the Ghost stopp'd her, crying out, Whither so fast, Madam? Pray stay here a little, and hearken to the grievous Complaints of the most Unfortunate of all Men. Since the Fatal Sisters cut the Thread of my Life, and my descent into the Lower Regions, I have done nothing but pin'd away, being all along tormented with Despair, and unconceivable Pangs of Grief, to hear every day, by all that thick and threefold arrive in our Territories from the Middle, Sides, and both Ends of *Europe*, the wicked Life you lead, and the Mischief you have been the cause of, by your dangerous and pernicious Counsels. 'Tis the Discourse of all the Infernal Court; there is nothing talk'd of but your Name upon the River *Styx*, and you are the Mirth for the most serious Souls in their Six-penny Passages by that Black Water. You have utterly confounded my Reputation, to my irreparable Damage, in regard I am frequently in the Sockocles of the Poets, who are the rankest Scoffers in the World; and as often in the Assemblies of the Philosophers, no less Satyrical,

rical, and full of their Girds and Sarcasms. One day, as I was musing for some Thoughts proper for a certain Copy of Verses which *Proserpine* had commanded me to make, in Honour of Vertuous Women that had been always Constant to their Husbands, I flung out of that same dreary Academy, dull and morose, and not half so witty as I was wont to be in this World. Upon that, I walk'd a Turn or two in the Elysian Field to refresh my Brains, where *Pluto* met me, and swore to me, like *a Beau* of an incens'd Deity, that as soon as ever he had yee in his Clutches, he would thrust yee into *Tartarus*, the most dreadful Place in all his Dominions, and there excociate yee with all the most exquisite Torments that your Crimes have merited. I was in a terrible Agony to hear him pronounce so dismal a Sentance. Thereupon, I besought him to grant me Audience, to the end I might obtain the liberty to give you a Visit, on purpose to admonish yee to alter your extravagant course of Life, and to repent betimes, in order to your avoiding Eternal Punishment. And now,

that

that Tenderneſs, all that is left, and indeed the more Noble part, which I always had for yee, has made me take this long Journey, with three of my Friends: *Anaximenes*, one o our Philoſophers, having given us Air, as the Principal of all things, that we might appear Corporeal.

Oh, Sir, (cry'd Madam *de Maintenon*,) how am I ſurpriz'd at the cruel Reproaches which you caſt upon me! Miſerable Creature that I am, what have I done, to be thus expos'd to the Anger of a Deity! Nothing can equal my Pains, nor the unfortunate Condition to which I am reduc'd: Heav'n and Earth conſpire againſt me, and my Name, it ſeems, is the Sport of Hell.

What a pretty Art, Madam, you have to counterfeit and diſguiſe all your Intriegues? but there is nothing conceal'd from us, in the Inferiour Regions. I will ſhew you in this Book, what you would be very unwilling to have known concerning your Amours, and all the other Particulars of your Life.

Oh, — Sir, (reply'd Madam *Maintenon*,) you may perhaps be very much deceiv'd: Tis a long time ſince the Charms of this World have had any more then a feeble Operation over me; God having infus'd it into me, to betake my ſelf to a more ſatisfactory Retirement, I mean, the beautiful Abbey of St. *Cyr*; to which I dedicate all

the Days of my Life with a Pleasure no way interrupted by the fading Allurements of the World, that enchant others without Intermission. How ill grounded and unjust are all your Reproaches! I beseech yee, tell me, what mean yee by those Amours, and all those Gallantries that supply your daily converse with Merriment and Disdain, within those gloomy Mansions where you now abide? I have heard you hitherto with a great deal of Patience; but I must tell yee, I look upon my self as much abus'd; and could a *Scandalum Magnatum* reach yee, I should make yee sensible of it; for I look upon my Conduct to be Exemplary, and that there is no fault to be found with me, as being the Model and Pattern by which so many young Ladies and Gentlewomen of Quality are to regulate and square their Lives and Conversations.

I am well inform'd, Madam, (reply'd *Scarron*) who put it into the King's Head to erect that fame *What d'yee call't* of St. *Cyr*, and to do several other things prejudicial to his Honour, and the Repose of his Kingdom. The King hearkens to your Advice, and you are she that guides the Chariot of his Counsels, and his Government. Yet all the World too apparently sees, that all his Conquests are hardly able to support him. I remember I have observ'd in History, that *Hercules*, who was once the most Illustrious and most Famous of all the Hero's of Antiquity, after

all

all his unparalell'd Atchievements and Exploits, at length became the Slave of Women. His Love for *Omphale*, Queen of *Lydia*, was so violent, as to make him exchange his Club for a Distaff, and spin in Petticoats among her Maids, only that he might have the opportunity to gaze upon her Beauty, and the Honour to be her Waiting-Woman. We read in the Histories of *France*, that several of our Princes would have been happy, had they not suffer'd themselves to be bewitch'd and possess'd by the Love of Women. 'Tis a Softness that effeminates the Courage of a Hero, and extinguishes the Lustre of his sublimest Qualities.

Though you, Sir, in the Heighth of your T'other-World-Gravity, (reply'd Madam *de Maintenon*) would fain make it out, That 'tis a Weakness for a Prince to love our Sex; yet we cannot forbear being so vain as to boast of it, when we make our selves the domineering Mistresses of a Heart so transcending in Value. There is nothing so charming as to Reign, and for a Woman to see her self the Depository of all the Secrets and Favours of a Court; to preside, as it were, in Council, and to dispose of the good or bad Fortune of the Courtiers. If all your Accusations were true, you had some ground for what you say. But lay aside these morose Thoughts; you wrong the Magnanimous Heart, and Great Soul of our Monarch; nor are you acquainted with his Humour,

while you ſubject his Abſolute Will to Female Controul. 'Tis true, he vouchſafes me ſome Proofs of his Eſteem, in Acknowledgment of ſome Services that I have done him.——

I ſee, Madam, (ſaid *Scarron*) by your Diſcourſes, that you take it for a Celeſtial Honour to be belov'd by a King, and to find that all your Services are not repay'd with Ingratitude. But here it is that I muſt tax yee with a rank Oblivion of that Faith and Oath which you ſo ſolemnly ſwore to me, before God and Men, That you would never ---never forget me after my Death; never---have any more Traffick with the World. But I find now, that you are no leſs inveigl'd and tranſported with the Vanity and Pleaſures of it, then a Girl of Eighteen: and that the dazling Glitter of a Crown has made yee forget your Extraction; as being beholding to *America* for Primitive Day-light, and the firſt Minutes of your Life. 'Twas enough for you to have been contented with the Honour which I did yee, when I rais'd yee from the Duſt of abject Meanneſs, and match'd yee to our Illuſtrious Family, the moſt Ancient of all the *Scarrons* in *Paris*.

'Tis true (reply'd Madam *de Maintenon*) that the Obligations which you heap'd upon me were infinite; and I muſt as ſincerely proteſt to yee, That my firſt Knowledge of the King was extremely innocent. You know that after your deceaſe, I kept my dark

dark Chamber as diſconſolate as the Epheſian Matron. But I was low, and knew not which way i' th' World to turn me: ſo that after I had long mus'd upon my ſorrowful Deſtiny, I reſolv'd to look out for a Service; and one of my Friends promis'd to procure me a Place to wait upon a Lady, if I would go into *Portugal*: which Damſel liv'd at that time with Madam *de Monteſpan*; with whom I was often admitted to Chat, when I went to viſit my Friend, who did all ſhe could to bring me into the good liking of her Miſtreſs. One day that I diſcours'd with the Lady about Indifferent Matters, I perceiv'd her to be well enough pleas'd with my Company; which infus'd into me ſo much Confidence, as modeſtly to beſeech her to recommend me to ſome Perſon of Quality. How! Mademoiſelle, cry'd ſhe, would you go to Service? —— Moſt gladly, ſaid I, —— for I can aſſure yee, without any Hyperbole, I was ſo caſt down for loſs of *You*, that I was for any thing in an honeſt way. At the ſame time, Madam *de Monteſpan* frequently receiv'd Letters from the King, who then, and after that, moſt tenderly lov'd her. Being indiſpos'd one Evening, ſhe pray'd me to anſwer him. I obeyed her, but not without difficulty, as thinking my ſelf not fit to write to a Monarch. This Modeſty of mine was quickly perceiv'd by the King, who is infinitely Witty; and next Morning he ask'd of his

Miſtreſs why ſhe had not writ to him? She anſwer'd, That ſhe did according to Cuſtom, the Pleaſure of writing to him being too charming for her to neglect it. Ha! Madam (ſays His Majeſty, laughing) the Complaiſance of the Fair Sex is always acceptable to me; but tell me truly, who was it that did you that piece of Service? Madam *de Monteſpan* anſwer'd without Ceremony, that I compos'd the Letter, and ſhe copied it. From that moment, I tell you freely, His Majeſty hath always evidenc'd a great Paſſion for me. Here is alſo the Copy of the firſt Letter which His Majeſty wrote to me.

## The King's Letter to Madame *de Maintenon.*

*I Did not believe, moſt Incomparable Lady, that after I had ſeen all the Charming Objects of the Court, there had been any thing in the World that could have touch'd me ſo ſenſibly. The ſtrong Impreſſions which your rare Qualities have made upon me, convince me, and accordingly I ſpeak it ſincerely, That a King would be advanc'd to the higheſt pitch of Happineſs, were he as much beloved by you as he deſires. Do not then oppoſe your ſelf my Faireſt to that which may render me happy; and be firmly perſwaded, that never any Man was ſo paſſionately in Love as I. The Pledges which I deſign to give you, my moſt Amiable Lady of a Love ſo ſincere and tender, are of a very*

*high*

*high Value, and merit your most tender Affections. The Crown and Scepter which I lay at your Feet, my Adorable Lady, are sensible Proofs of the high Passion which I entertain for you.* Farewell, my dearest Dear.

And to engage me further (continues Madam *Maintenon*) his Majesty advanc'd me to the Quality of Lady-Governess to the Duke *de Maine*, his Brother the Count *de Vexin*, and the Mademoiselles *de Tours* and *Nantes*. You cannot imagine what trouble I had to resist all these obliging Methods which his Majesty made use of, to bring me to be what I am.

To say the truth, An Ambition to reign my self Glorious and Fam'd in the World, cancell'd all the Impressions which my Duty, or Marriage-Covenant, had laid upon me; but I love you still, in spite of Death, which hath made a Separation betwixt us: And the greatest part of my Conversation with the King, is, upon the Loss I have sustain'd of such an Husband, who was the Glory of all the Wits of his Age.

All those Arguments which you bring, Madam, (replies *Scarron*) to make your Innocence appear, don't justifie you in the least; for you are still a faithless Woman, and I am unhappy to hear you continually talk'd of: The Publick takes no notice of your private Treaty of Marriage, of which, look you, here is a True Copy.

*Scarron* calls upon *Rapiuiere*, and taking the Contract of Marriage, reads it before Madam *de Maintenon*.

*The Contract of the Private Marriage betwixt* Lewis XIV. *King of* France *and* Navarr, *firnam'd*, The Gift of God, *and* Frances d'Aubigné, *Marchioness of* Maintenon.

'THE Council of Conscience belonging to *Lewis* XIV. firnamed, *The Gift of God*, having most wisely consider'd that the said Prince, together with the Dauphine, hath sufficiently provided the Crown of *France* with Heirs, so that there's no reason to fear that it may fall to a Daughter, or that the Family of *Bourbon* should be extinguish'd for want of Heirs Males. And moreover, there being no Princess in *Europe* upon whom his Majesty casts his Eyes, in order to a second Marriage; and his Majesty besides thinking himself of such an Age, as it is not convenient for him to meddle any more with the Affairs of the World, because of the particular Care which he designs to take for the Quiet of his Conscience, and the Salvation of his Soul, by sacrificing unto God, from his Heart, all the criminal Passions which have turmoil'd him from his Youth, till now.

'These

'These weighty Considerations prevail'd upon his Majesty, with the Approbation of his Confessor, to cast his Eyes upon *Frances d'Aubigné*, the Honestest, most Vertuous, and most Pious Woman of the Age, that he might contract a Secret Marriage with her; by virtue whereof, those Parties are inseparably united together before God, and Holy Mother Church: And thereupon, *Lewis* XIV. promises henceforth to renounce all Commerce which he hath, had, or might have with other Mistresses in time to come, and to acknowledge *Frances de Aubigné*, during the rest of his Life, for his true and lawful Spouse, to love her tenderly, and treat her with the same Respect as he did the late Queen *Mary Therese*, of happy Memory.

'On the other side, *Frances d'Aubigné* promises before God, and Holy Mother Church, to be Faithful to his Majesty, even to her Death; to Love and Obey him as a Faithful Spouse ought to do her Husband.

'His Majesty declares further, That on the Day of his Marriage he presents *Frances d'Aubigné*, his future Spouse, with the Marquisate of *Maintenon*, that she may carry the Title thereof during her Life; and doth also promise to found a Nunnery, under the Title of *The Ladies of St. Cyr*, whereof she shall be Directress.

" The ſaid *Frances d'Abvigné* doth further engage, in conſideration of the Honour which the King hath conferr'd upon her, by advancing her to the Dignity of the Queens of *France*, to endeavour with all imaginable Zeal, by the Aſſiſtance of the Reverend Father *La Chaiſe*, to extirpate the Hugonot-Hereſie, whereby ſhe may bring the Bleſſing of God upon his Majeſty's glorious Reign, ſo that all *France* may have cauſe to rejoyce in the happy Choice which his Majeſty hath made of ſuch a vertuous Spouſe. *Amen.*

You ſee, Madam, (ſays *Scarron*) that your Honour is not preſerv'd by this Method: All the World look upon you for all this as a Harlot; and ſpeak of your Amours with the King, as they do of thoſe of his other Miſtreſſes. Father *La Chaiſe*, formerly my Friend, hath perſuaded you, that by this ſecret Treaty of Marriage, your Converſe with the King would make leſs Noiſe; but his Deſign was, to deſtroy Madam *de Monteſpan*'s Intereſt, who was his Enemy, and by this means he ſurmounts thoſe Difficulties which ſtand in the way of his Deſigns, and at the ſame time ſecures himſelf of the King's Favour.

And beſides thoſe ſpecious Titles, of being Lady-Abbeſs of St. *Cyr*, and Marchioneſs of *Maintenon*, both Eminent Qualities, make

make a great Noiſe in the World, and draw upon you inſenſibly all that People ſay of you.

Ha! (cry'd Madam *de Maintenon*, in anger) who could reveal to you this Secret? You told me, Sir, that you hear News every day from this World, by thoſe who arrive in yours: It could be none but the Marquis *de Louvois*: He acquainted you with this Contract of Marriage.

Treacherous Villain! This is but a ſorry Acknowledgment of his Maſter's Royal Bounties, who ſpar'd nothing to raiſe his Fortune to the heighth, firſt Miniſter and Secretary of State, Commander and Chancellor of the Royal Order: Are not theſe very Honourable Titles? beſides a thouſand other Advantages which he receiv'd from his Majeſty, who honours him ſtill every day by a continual Regret for the Loſs of him. It is true, the King has great need of his Aſſiſtance in this preſent Juncture, to bear a part of the Fatigue which he endures by this preſent War.

This War, Madam, (anſwer'd *Scarron*) which the King maintains with ſo much heat, appears very unjuſt before our Judges of the Lower World, and againſt the Sentiments of all diſintereſted Perſons. That Prince having broke the Truce which he made with the Dutch for Twenty Years, baniſh'd all the Hugonots out of his Kingdom, revok'd the Edict of *France*, and acted a thouſand

thouſand other things contrary to the Peace of a State.

And not without good reaſon (continues *Scarron*) a part of thoſe Miſchiefs are chargeable upon you, ſupported by Father *La Chaiſe*, and the Archbiſhop of *Paris*, the ſworn Enemies of the Publick Peace; ſo that the Dauphin has but too much reaſon to hate you, and call you his Step-Mother. You may remember many Affronts which you your ſelf put upon the Dauphineſs, and which did not a little contribute to the Diſtemper that carry'd her off: And King *James* II. of *England* is alſo indebted to you for the loſs of his Three Kingdoms by your pernicious Counſels.

If the King has baniſh'd all the Hugonots from *France* (ſays Madam *de Maintenon*) it was only to immortalize his Name and Memory, according to the Examples of his Predeceſſors *Charles* IX. and *Henry* III. by endeavouring, as they did, to extirpate Hereſie, the King having a true Zeal for the Service of God.

The Reverend Father *La Chaiſe*, and all the Cabinet-Counſel, poſſeſs'd him with the Apprehenſions of a general Ruine impending over his Kingdom, if he did not intirely convert all thoſe Hereticks; and that he was never to expect the Bleſſing of God, if he did not bring back all thoſe poor Souls to our Holy Mother the Church. The King, whoſe Zeal for the Catholick Religion is Exemplary, and which is altogether ſurpriſing in a

Monarch

Monarch who is at this day the Terrour of *Europe*, and justly pretends that all other Sovereigns ought to submit to him, and hold of his Empire, subjects himself with a profound Obedience to all those things with which Piety inspires him. And by the Foundation of St. *Cyr*, this religious Prince has given a Proof how much Devotion has the Ascendant over him; for we may see that Holy Places, such as Churches, subsist much longer in the Minds of the People, then Palaces, and Houses for Civil Use.

In the mean time, Madam, (answers *Scarron*) we see that for the most part, those Princes who have ruin'd their Countries and People, are those who have caus'd most Churches and Monasteries to be built; witness *Justinian*, who fill'd *Italy* and *Greece* with 'em, after he had ruin'd and pillag'd all the Provinces of his Empire: And *John Galeas*, Duke of *Milan*, who founded the Charter-house of *Pavia*, the finest in Christendom. Devotion is not always the true Mark of the Vertue and Bounty of Princes.

*Charles* IX. and *Henry* III. his Brother, being cruel Kings, Men of ill Conduct, and no Justice, yet were the greatest Bigots imaginable in every thing by which they could merit Heaven; as, going Bare-foot on Pilgrimages, in Penitents Habit, in the Streets of *Paris*, wearing coarse Hoods, having Death's Heads

Heads embroider'd upon their Cloaths, and ſhutting themſelves up in Oratories with Hermits; yet all this external Devotion could not hide their bad Lives, and ill Government. It's always Glorious for a King to ſhew good Example to his Subjects; but *Lewis* XIV. is ſo far from doing ſo, that he imitates the Infidels in every thing.

The ſtrict Alliance betwixt the *French Court* and the *Ottoman Port*, makes it apparent, that that Prince follows the vitious Manners of the Turks; inſomuch, that he copies their greateſt Crimes, and has made himſelf a perfect Muſſulman. We need go no further then St. *Cyr*, which may truly be call'd a Seraglio, under the Title of a Religious Nunnery; and I have no reaſon to doubt, Madam, that you are the ſcandalous Inſtrument of a thouſand criminal Intrigues which that Prince carries on there.

And by this means you alſo procure to your ſelf a great number of Creatures throughout the Kingdom, among thoſe of Eminent Birth and Merit, who make their Court to you for an Alliance with thoſe Ladies, in hopes of obtaining conſiderable Employments by your Favour.

Ah! Sir, (cries Madam *de Maintenon*) away with Thoughts ſo impious, and be not guilty of ſuch an Outrage againſt the Modeſty of that Holy Place. The King having entruſted me with the Conduct of that Spiritual Militia, you wound me ſenſibly, and

ſin

ſin alſo againſt the Vertue of that Religious Prince.

'Tis the Nobleſt and moſt Glorious Charity that ever was heard of, to have ſo many young Damſels that want Eſtates, bred up at the Expence of that great Monarch; and though that agreeable Retirement be within a League of *Verſailles*, it may well be call'd a Holy Solitude, where nothing troubles their Repoſe. There is nothing there of that Magnificence which is to be found in the Palaces of Kings, but a noble Simplicity is its chief Ornament, and yet there appears in the ſame a thouſand beautiful Charms. When you ſee all thoſe young Ladies, and hear them ſing the Praiſes of Jeſus with ſo much Modeſty, you cannot but conceive an Idea of the bleſſed Angels, and holy Martyrs in Heaven; and to ſpeak ſincerely, there's no Religious-Houſe where more of Order and Piety is to be ſeen.

All things are ſo well diſpos'd in that Society, that Idleneſs is entirely baniſh'd thence: There they pray to God Day and Night; and thoſe Damſels ſeeing nothing but good Example, are bred incomparably better then they could have been in the moſt pious and regular Families. The King, who is the ſole Founder of that School of Chriſtianity, will always be the Admiration of his People; and by that Sacred Place, his Name and Memory ſhall be render'd Immortal.

In

In fine, Madam, (replies *Scarron,*) seeing the time when I must leave you draws near, and that *Rancune* and *Rapiniere*, my Friends, do signifie as much unto me, *Pluto* not having allow'd us any more time then what I have spent with you; we cannot go beyond his Orders; and I observe also that *Ragotin's* Flambeaux is also burnt out. Make good Use of the Conversation which I have had with you; consider that your Life passes away like a Dream, and that in a little time you may be summon'd before our severe Judges, *Rhadamanthus* and *Minos*, who will pronounce your Eternal Sentence.

In what a terrible Condition will you find your self, if you come to sojourn in the bottomless Abyss, for not having reflected seriously upon the Vain-Glory of the World, and the Counterfeit-Lustre which attends its Honour. I perceive you are engag'd to follow the Course of the Great Ones; but if you have any remainder of Shame left, I advise you to sacrifice the Interest of the Court, and the King's Embraces, to your own Honour and mine: Retire into a Convent, as did *La Valiere* and spend the rest of your days in the Service of God. The King being accustom'd to change, will treat you in the same manner as he hath done his other Mistresses.

I assure you, Sir, (says *de* Madam *Maintenon*) that I have profited extremely by the good Advice which you have given me; and be perswaded,

perſwaded, that neither the Splendour of the Crown, nor the Glory of the Court, ſhall hinder me from acknowledging the Changeableneſs and Inconſtancy of this preſent Life; and I am very well ſatisfy'd, that nothing can be better ſaid, then what you have now ſpoken.

You are ſtill the ſame for ſolid Reaſoning, and have loſt nothing of that ſublime and pathetick Wit which procur'd you the Adoration of all your Hearers. I wiſh that the Time allow'd you were longer, that I might enjoy your dear Preſence: But ſeeing it is weak to wiſh for Impoſſibilities, I had rather improve the precious Moments which remain; and I aſſure you, that I ſhall never loſe the Idea nor Remembrance of all your Kindneſſes.

The Moral which you have made uſe of to make me ſenſible of them, hath made a very great Impreſſion upon my Heart; but as to your Advice, of retiring into a Convent, 'tis impoſſible; for I am wedded to the King by indiſſoluble Bonds, and neither fear Change nor Diſgrace, having taken ſuch juſt Meaſures, that nothing but Death is capable to make a Separation; and moreover, I am more Sovereign then ever the late Queen was. But I can alſo tell you, That I never obſerv'd ſuch a Changeable Inclination in that Prince as you imagin: He always lov'd thoſe very paſſionately, who had the good fortune to pleaſe him. I remember, that as to Mademoiſelle

moiſelle *de Fontange*, the King ſaid, one day, to the Duke of St. *Agnan*, That he was never ſo much in Love, and that according to all appearance, he ſhould never change.—But, Sir, (continues Madam *de Maintenon*) I would willingly have ſome News concerning that beautiful Damſel, and what Rank ſhe keeps in *Pluto*'s Kingdom of Darkneſs; for I can aſſure you, that his Majeſty was extremely griev'd at her Death.

Madam, (ſays *Scarron*) I can tell you no other News of Mademoiſelle *de Fontange*, but that ſhe continually complains of you. The Prince, and the Marquiſs *de Louvois* look upon you as a wretched Woman, and ſay that you caus'd her to be poyſon'd, which has procur'd you a very bad Name in thoſe dark Regions.

*Proſerpine* our Queen, was not griev'd when ſhe ſaw that beautiful Nymph arrive in her Kingdom; for ſhe is now the greateſt Ornament of her Court, and chief Maid of Honour.

In truth Sir, (anſwers Madam *de Maintenon*) I want Words to expreſs my Aſtoniſhment, there muſt be ſome fatality in my Lot, for true or falſe I am always reckon'd guilty of whatever Miſchiefs happen at Court. But Heaven is the Witneſs of my Innocence.

Madmemoiſelle *de Fontange*, the Prince of *Conti*, and the Marquis *de Louvois*, have had their Enemies ſince they believe themſelves to have been poyſon'd; but being ſo

Great

Great Masters of Reason as they were, methinks they ought to have considered that Death spares none, of what Quality, Age or Sex soever. I think I have read that the *Pagans* erected Altars to all their Deities, and being ask'd once on a time, Why they had not erected one to Death, they answer'd *Because he was inexorable.* I have still one thing of Importance to say to you before we part, which I did not think on. You must know, Sir, that the Reverend Fathers the Jesuits had no sooner perceiv'd my being in Favour with the King, but they resolv'd to gain me to their Party, they accoasted me with all manner of Civility and Submission, against which I was not able to stand out. They order'd the Reverend Fathers *La Chaise* and *Bourdalou*, to praise me to his Majesty, and to insinuate, that he could never have made a better Choice, nor one more worthy of his Conversation then he had done; by which those Religious Fathers gain'd so much upon that Prince, that I found my self oblig'd to receive their Visits daily, and to testifie my Satisfaction therewith.

I confess to you, that I had a Confidence in that Order, and therefore chose one of them for the Director of my Conscience, and could have been content to have born the Title of a Lady of the Society of Jesus; and since that time Father *La Chaise* has been my Confessor in Ordinary, insomuch that being at Confession one day, I pray'd him

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him to pardon all those Sins which I might commit with the King; and for this end I discover'd to him all the Secrets of my Heart. He was so far from blaming me, that he assur'd me I was not at all Culpable; and that it was no Crime to entertain an Amorous Correspondence with the oldest Son of the Church, but that I must comply with that Monarch in such things as he was most sensibly delighted with; that those things which were call'd Sins with other Men, were not so in regard of Kings and Princes; that God had set them above the rest of Mankind, that they might prescribe Laws to themselves; and that it was not lawful for any man to Controul them, but that their Subjects were bound to pay 'em blind Obedience.

Just so, Madam, (says *Scarron*) Sinners do generally flatter themselves, and find out Expedients to Extenuate their Guilt; but one may eternally Damn themselves by such a dangerous Practice, and those are the admirable Lessons which the Reverend Fathers the Jesuits teach their Penitents of both Sexes; can one then make use of the Sacred Tribunal which ought to be an Asylum for the Salvation of Souls to destroy them utterly? I am not now surpriz'd at your having given up your self with so much Freedom to satisfie his Majesty's Desires, since you have so rare a Secret, and such excellent Instructions from the Reverend Father *La Chaise*, who tells you, that you may entertain

tain an amorous Correſpondence without any ſcruple, and not be ſo much as guilty of the leaſt Venial Sin in ſo doing; that is the rare Morality which he learn'd from Father *du Vaux* his Tutor in Philoſophy, who hath ſince that, been advanc'd to the higheſt Preferments in the Order. 'Tis to him that he owes this fine Education and the Advancement of his Fortune. I wonder much how thoſe Doctors, who are apparently the Guides to Salvation and Lights of the Church, can reconcile this Conduct with the ſolemn Vows they are under to maintain Chaſtity.

But the Reverend Fathers have a certain ſort of fine-ſpun Morality, which they don't teach publickly in the Schools; for in truth, as they ſay, It is not Convenient that all the World ſhould know it, and therefore they keep it in Reſerve for Great Wits, and ſuch as are capable of reliſhing the ſame. Theſe are the Myſteries which make them ſo much admir'd. Behold here what one of the ſublime Doctors ſays.

Then *Scarron* taking the Regiſter from *Rancune* ſhew'd Madam *de Maintenon* the Morals of the Reverend Fathers the Jeſuits.

When a man finds himſelf extreamly preſs'd with the Rebellion of the Fleſh, and and that an occaſion offers for an Amorous Rancounter, if he diſtruſt his own Weakneſs, and be afraid that he ſhall not be able to prevent his falling into the ſame, that

that Perſon is guilty of no Crime, if he keep his whole Intreague ſecret to avoid worſe.

Here is alſo another Remark of their Doctor *Eſcobar*, If you cannot prevent your Loving of Women, it is not ſo much as the leaſt Venial Sin to give your ſelf up to Love, for I know that it acts upon People with great Violence, and ſometimes puts them out of an Eſtate of Salvation. St. *Francis Xavier*, one of their moſt famous Religious Perſons, hath fully inform'd us of it during his Life, by all the Torments which he ſuffer'd; and therefore he ſays very Judiciouſly, That every man who ſins after having reaſon'd a little, his Faults are pardon'd, though with ſome more difficulty. Behold the Divinity of the Holy Fathers of the Society, and the ſecret Doctrine which they teach their Diſciples!

*Scarron* having ſignify'd to Madam *de Maintenon* by bowing his Head, that he was not allow'd to ſay any more, being preſs'd by *Rancune* and *Rapiniere* to return to their ſhady Palace, left the Heroeſs in a profound Trance, reflecting continually upon the Converſation which ſhe had had with him, and the ſenſible Reproaches wherewith he had upbraided her.

Ha! (ſays ſhe) if all the Ladies of Pleaſure which I know, and who have loſt their Husbands, had ſuch Viſions as theſe, they would not take ſo much care to conceal their Intriegues

Intriegues; and if the King knew the Vexation that I am in at present, I am sure he would be touch'd with it, but he does not expect such an Extraordinary piece of News.

In this manner Madam *de Maintenon* pass'd the Night without being able to sleep; next Morning *La Caverne* her Maid entred her Chamber as usual; and ask'd her Lady what she would have her to do. The Marchioness answerd in a discompos'd manner, That as soon as she was dress'd, she would go to St. *Cyr*. Some hours after she took Coach to go to the Abbey, where St. *Lewis*'s Ladies receiv'd her with incredible Joy, because they had been depriv'd of her presence for eight days time, that she had been taken up with the King's Affairs, and particularly the Ball which the Duke of *Orleance* gave in the Royal Palace. Our Heroess having consider'd a little of what she had to do, took a general Review of that fine House, and was saluted by all the Damsels with a Charming Modesty, who accompany'd her four and four a-breast to the Church, to hear Mass.

The King, who is always impatient where he loves, bethinking himself that he had not seen his Mistress in a long time, flew to give her a Visit, without any Consideration of St. *Cyr*. Into her Closet he went; and having saluted her after his usual manner, that is to say very tenderly, he recounted to her all the Pleasure he had taken at the Ball, imperfect only in this, that he could not enjoy

joy her Company till the end of it, and then ask'd her why ſhe went away ſo ſoon: telling her withal, That had ſhe ſtay'd but a little longer, ſhe might have ſeen the pleaſanteſt and moſt delightful Diſguizes in the World; for that the twelve Engliſh young Lords who were ſent by King *James* in the Dreſs of Quakers, eſcap'd a moſt terrible Danger; for that in making their way through all the Flambeaux that lighted that numerous Aſſembly, they miſs'd but very narrowly of being every one of 'em ſacrific'd to the Sport of the Night.

You may have probably obſerv'd, Madam, (continu'd the King) in the Hiſtory of *France*, what befell *Charles* VI. upon the like Occaſion, at the Nuptials of one of the Queen's Maids of Honour. At what time, ſome of the Noblemen dancing maſqueraded in the Shape of Bears, the Duke of *Orleance* holding down a Flambeau to look upon their Noſes, ſet fire to the Linnen that was joyn'd together with Pitch. Preſently the Room was all in Flame and Affright; the People crouded one upon another to get out, ſome cry'd, *God ſave the King*; but the Dutcheſs of *Berry* cover'd the King with the Skirt of her Gown, and preſerv'd him from the fiery Torrent. You ſee (ſaid the King, ſmiling) how uſeful Women are in this Life; for that by their Aſſiſtance we many times eſcape great Dangers.

Oh--- Sir,

Oh—Sir, (anſwer'd Madam *de Maintenon*) if all Men had the ſame favourable Sentiments of us, we ſhould not be ſo much ſlighted as we are at this day. But we find that there are many Perſons no way inconſiderable for their merit, who ſtrongly oppoſe your Kind Opinon of us, while they aſſert, That Women are the cauſe of all the Miſchiefs and Misfortunes that happen in the World.

Perhaps, (ſaid the King) thoſe Perſons have not been able to pay Fortune a ſufficient Sallary, to procure 'em the Favours of the Female Sex. For my part I can aſſure ye, Madam, that were it not for Women, my Life would be but very burthenſome to me. 'Tis the ſweeteſt of all thoſe other Pleaſures that flatter our Sences. Which therefore ſeems to me, to be the reaſon, why Nature foreſeeing that we would make 'em the Objects of our Adoration, form'd 'em ſo amiable as they are.

The King would have continu'd this Diſcourſe, but he was interrupted by one of his Gentlemen, who brought him Letters from the Duke of *Luxemburgh* and Maſhall *de Boufflers*. So that his Majeſty immediately took Coach

and return'd to *Verſailles*: where after he had ſpent ſome time in reading his Letters and returning Anſwers, He began again to reflect upon the Melancholly Humour wherein he found his Miſtreſs. For in truth ſhe had appear'd to him to be incredibly caſt down; ſo that the mighty Monarch not being able to penetrate the real Cauſes of ſuch an Extraordinary Penſiveneſs, wrote her the following Lines.

## *The King's Letter to Madam* de Maintenon.

'DId I not Love ye, ſo well
' as I do, (Madam) I ſhould
' never buſie my ſelf to ſtudy with
' ſo much attention what could
' afflict ye to that degree of Diſ-
' compoſure which I laſt beheld
' in your Countenance. But what-
' ſoever pains I take to find it out
' I cannot poſſibly divine the Real
' Cauſe. You know how well I
' love ye, and that there is no-
' thing I will ſpare to ſatisfie you

' Revenge

' Revenge upon your Enemies.
' Adieu, Madam; ſpeedily let me
' know whatever it is that grieves
' ye, for I am Impatient till I un-
' derſtand what it may be.

The King gave this Letter to one of his Pages, with Orders to carry it to Madam *de Maintenon*, who joyfully receiv'd it, and return'd this Anſwer to it.

## *Madam* de Maintenon's *Letter to the King.*

' OH! my dear Prince, in what
' an Extaſie am I, to find that
' you concern your ſelf ſo deeply
' in my Grief. 'Tis true, that I
' conceal the Real Motives of my
' Diſquiet: but there are ſome
' Secrets in this Life which we
' cannot unfold but with ſome kind
' of Torture; and this, of which
' you ſeek ſo earneſtly to be inform'd,
' is that of Nature. I can ſay no-
' thing farther in This: but I ſhall
' reſerve all my Eloquence, till I
' happen to be alone in your Pre-
' ſence.

Our Marchioneſs folded up her Letter with a more-then Ordinary Curioſity, and ſent it to the King, who read it two or three times, but all in vain; for he could not find what he ſought with ſo much earneſtneſs. The next Morning, his Majeſty went to St. *Germains*, to viſit the King and Queen of *England*, attended by ſeveral of the Nobility.

Madam *de Maintenon* who had intelligence of it, fail'd not to be there alſo in company with Mademoiſelle *de Luine*, and Mademoiſelle *de Soubiſe*, the moſt witty and moſt obliging Perſons in the World. But the King was not preſently to be ſpoken with, and therefore while he was diſcourſing with King *James* and the Queen, M. *de Maintenon* went to walk with the Ladies. At what time, [illegible]mbling from one thing to another, at [illegible]gth they fell by degrees to talk of the little *Cupids* of Marble that ſtood in the mid'ſt of the Garden. And then it was, that Mademoiſelle *de Luine*, who is a L[illegible]dy of a briſk humour, ask'd Madam *de Main[illegible]enon* why Poets and Painters had ſo ill repreſented Love in the Figure of a Child; and

and what use he made of his Flambeau, and the Fillet about his Eyes; and that it would have been much more proper to have painted him a Young Man full grown, and in his flourishing Years.

This Pleasant Question of Mademoiselle *de Luine* put the Ladies into a fit of Laughter. You are as yet too young, Fair Lady, reply'd our Marchioness, to make a true Comment upon all the Figure that you see. Pardon me therefore, if I undertake to unfold these Mysteries, and satisfie your Scruples. This Infant is a perfect Emblem of Love; that Passion in some respects being Weakness and Childhood it self, and in others meer Dotage and Foppery: As for the Swathe about his Eyes, it denotes his Blindness, which is not able to discern those things that are most proper and convenient for him. The Flambeau signifies that violent Heat which burns us in the most sensible Part of the Body, which is the Heart.

Well, Madam, (cry'd Mademoiselle *de Luine*) I shall take care, I warrant ye, to keep my Heart from being burn'd by any such Flambeau's as that. 'Twill be very well, my dear Darling, (reply'd

our Heroeſs) if you can. How far this diſcourſe might have led 'em no body can tell, for the Subject was alluring enough, but the King meeting 'em at the end of a wide Alley, put an end to it, and the Ladies taking another way, left the two Lovers by themſelves together. The King thus finding himſelf alone with his Miſtreſs: Oh, Madam, (ſaid he) you have too unkindly prolong'd my Languiſhing Deſires to know the unhappy Occaſion of your ſo deeply Afflicting Sorrows. You know the tenderneſs that I have for ye, and therefore you cannot, without a great deal of Injuſtice, conceal any thing from me.

'Tis very true, Sir, (anſwer'd M. *de Maintenon*) your Majeſty's Kindneſs and Affection have been ſo ſingular toward me, that there is nothing which I can or ought to hide from your knowledge. Give me then leave to tell ye, that the other Night returning from the Ball, after I had been meditating a while in my Chamber, I heard a noiſe; but much more Terrible was my ſuddain Aſtoniſhment to behold the Gaſtly Appearance before my Eyes of Monſieur *Scarron* and three of his Friends.

How!

How! Madam, (said the King) do the Dead then begin to rise before we come to the End of the World.

I know not that, Sir, (reply'd Madam *de Maintenon*) but I am sure, to no Comfort of mine, God knows, I was constrain'd to hold a Dialogue with him for above Two Hours.

'Twas long enough in all Conscience, (answer'd the King) for a Man without Flesh and Bones; but all this while, what said the Ghost to yee?

Oh, Sir, (reply'd Madam *de Maintenon*) the most grievous things, and the most abusive and scandalous things that ever were heard. He Reproach'd me with an unparalell'd Confidence, that I had violated my Faith and Oath which I swore to him before God and Men; and that being belov'd by your Majesty, I was lookt upon both on Earth, and in the Infernal Court, as a Woman without Reputation, or in plain Terms a Harlot; and that *Pluto*, the Prince of the Abyss, has threaten'd already (the Holy Virgin keep me out of his Clutches) to make me feel the Effects of his Fury; and that *France* was beholding for all the Mischiefs and Calamities that

had befallen her of late, to the dangerous and pernicious Counſels which I gave your Majeſty.

But that which moſt ſurpriz'd me was, that he ſhew'd me the Contract of Marriage, by which you were ſo Good and Gracious as to eſpouſe me to your Perſon; nor can I imagine how this Fantom could come by ſuch a piece of Secreſie, and which your Majeſty took ſuch care to conceal. For my part, I muſt poſitively accuſe the Marquis of *Louvois*, who moſt certainly has betray'd your Majeſty in the Kingdom of Darkneſs. And for a further Accumulation of Grief upon Sorrow, he told me, That the Prince of *Conti*, Mademoiſelle *de Fontange*, and the Marquis of *Louvois*, aſſur'd him, that I had caus'd 'em to be poiſon'd. Could any Man have ſaid any thing more Extravagant or more Injurious.

Madam, (reply'd the King) I am ſomewhat at a loſs what Anſwer juſtly to return yee upon the Diſcoveries you have made me; nor can I readily believe theſe Things to be real: 'Tis only a Viſion which perhaps you may have had in your Sleep, proceeding from ſome little Kindneſs which you may ſtill retain

tain for the Memory of that good Man.

Sir, (answer'd Madam *de Maintenon*) all that I have told yee is most certainly true: neither was I ever lookt upon to be a Visionary.

But, Madam, (reply'd the King) you made mention of the Marquis of *Louvois*; now you know that he has been a long time in the other World, and 'tis impossible the Dead should know what is done in this.

Oh— Sir, (said Madam *de Maintenon*) I was always of the same Belief as well as you; but M. *Scarron* shew'd me a large Register, which *la Rancune* brought along with him, wherein are contain'd all the most Secret Actions of Mortals.

At the Word *Rancune*, which signifies *Hatred* and *Malice*, the King fell a Laughing; and ask'd her, whether she knew what the Name signify'd.

Sir, (said Madam *de Maintenon*) never believe the Names of *Rancune*, *Rapiniere*, and *Ragoutin* to be fain'd like the Names of the Persons in a Comedy. For they were M. *Scarron*'s very good Friends that always kept him Company in this World.

Why then it ſeems they take Journeys at pleaſure from the other World hither, (continu'd the King, with ſome kind of Aſtoniſhment.) And yet if I could ſee once more the Men and Women which I have loſt, it would be a Pleaſure to me beyond imagination. But I believe it not ſo eaſie a thing to riſe from the Dead; and yet methinks I could be willing to hear ſome Tydings of poor Mademoiſelle *de Fontange*.

Sir, (anſwer'd Madam *de Maintenon*) 'tis a thing that I have ſtudy'd to bring to paſs as much as any thing in the World, well knowing thereby, that I ſhould oblige your Majeſty; for I am convinc'd of the paſſionate Love which you had for her; but I was troubl'd that ſhe had ſuch an ill Opinion of me.

It may be, Madam, (ſaid the King) 'twas only a Scandal which that ſame *Æſop* rais'd of himſelf. I always look upon Mademoiſelle *de Fontange* to be too prudent to harbour any ſuch groundleſs Thoughts; and for your part, Madam, I am ſure 'tis impoſſible but you muſt be innocent of ſo heinous a Crime.

However, Sir, (reply'd Madam *de Maintenon*) all this while I ſuffer in my Reputation

Reputation, and in regard that M. *Scarron* told me, how that beautiful Nymph is lookt upon with an Eye of Favour at the Infernal Court, and that she is one of Queen *Proserpine*'s Minions, she may say what she pleases.

These are Trifles, Madam, (said the King) not worth your Thoughts. I rather am afraid least *Pluto* should fall in Love with her, and consequently, least the poor Lady should incurr *Proserpine*'s Displeasure, the ready way to bring upon her Head the dire Effects of *Proserpine*'s revengeful Jealousie.

I do not believe, Sir, (reply'd Madam *de Maintenon*) that those sooty Deities are capable of such a noble Passion.

How!—— Madam, can a Person so witty, as you are, be ignorant how the Deities of old pin'd away and languish'd in the Fetters of beautiful Women! Their amorous Transports are known to all the World. Did not *Jupiter*, chief Sultan of all the Deities, transform himself into a Thousand Shapes, even of Beasts themselves, to bring about the Designs of his Concupiscence: and all the other Demi-Deities, did they not imitate

imitate him with extraordinary Delight? If *Venus*'s little Baby had the confidence to discharge his Quiver into Heaven, What Reason is there to believe that Mortals are not sensible of his Wounds?

I find Love, (continu'd the King) the most Noble of all the Passions: without it the World could never subsist. If I love an Admirable Object, I know I do no more then what my Predecessors did, being as little Insensible as they.

For this Reason it is, (reply'd Madam *de Maintenon*) that I blame the King of *Barathrum*, and all his Subjects, for being so saucy as to make your Amours their Hell-discourse. I know, the time was once when *Pluto* was in Love himself; and 'tis not unlikely but that some new Beauty may inflame his Heart at this very time.

What you say, Madam, may very well be; but I know that the Prince of *Darkness* can never gain the Affection of Women. He was always so Deformed, and so ill a Courtier withal, that there was ne're a Flat-nos'd, Blubber-lip'd Nymph in the Roll of Antiquity, but scorn'd him. One Day therefore, in the

the heighth of his Despair, he bully'd away *Proserpina* by force, as she was picking Dasies in a Medow: and therefore I let my self above a Thousand petty Railleries that they can put upon me, let 'em criticize as much as they please. I remember the Duke of *Mazarin*, who counterfeited a World of Godliness, desir'd a Private Audience of me one Day; I consented: but all the while he held me in a long Story of a Vision of his, That the Kingdom would be turn'd Topsy-turvy if I did not quit the Company of *la Valliere*; adding withal, that he admonish'd me by a particular Commission from God. And I, (said I) advize yee to take a particular Care of your Brains which are in a very sad Condition, and to restore me all that your Uncle robb'd me of.

The Duke made a low *Congé*, and sneak'd away. By and by comes to me Father *Anat*, my Confessor, egg'd on by the Queen, to tell me, That he would leave the Court, for that my Trading in Love made too great a Noise. I smil'd, and bid him take his Liberty. But then the poor Father, finding himself taken at his Word, would fain have turn'd

turn'd Cat in Pan ; but I told him, my Curate would ſerve my Turn for the preſent.

You cannot believe, Madam, how all his Order teaz'd him for being ſuch a Ninny. I cannot endure ſuch a Number of Hypocrites, that take a Pride in reforming others, but ſpare for nothing to gratifie their own Pleaſures. For my part, I love Liberty in this Life.

The King, who was in a good Humour, would have gone on, but he was oblig'd to return to *Verſailles* with the Lords and Gentlemen that attended him.

After he was gone, Madam *de Maintenon* went to join the Ladies again, who were diverting themſelves in a Terrace Walk, at a diſtance off.

Ah, Madam, (ſaid Mademoiſelle *de Soubiſe*, what a while have you been diſcourſing with the King.

I aſſure yee, (reply'd our Marchioneſs) I never i' my Life ſaw our Monarch in ſo good a Humour.

All the Reaſon i' th' World, Madam, (reply'd Mademoiſelle *de Luine*) for you inſpire him always with Jocundry and Blitheneſs.

No,

No, no, my Dear, (said Madam *de Maintenon*) 'tis not from my Influences that he derives his Gayety.——— But here she stopt.——— Her Lacquey came to tell her, that the Coach attended at the Gate, and she had a mind to be at *Versailles* that Night.

But for all this, Madam *de Maintenon* could not be rid of her Melancholy. Her Husband had left her, but the Dialogue still continually haunted her.

The next Day she went to wait upon the King at his Hour of rising: And after they had discours'd together of several Things, she told him with a sad and lamentable Air, That she could not Sleep for the Phantom that was always hovering before her Eyes; and that her Soul was in great Disorder.

The King, whose Heart is very Tender and Compassionate, in respect of his Mistresses, bid her go to their Common Confessor, Father *La Chaise*, and impart her Afflictions to him.

Immediately Madam *de Maintenon* call'd one of her Pages, and sent him away Post to *Paris*, to tell the Reverend Priest, he was to attend the King, But he was not to be found; for he was gone,

gone to refreſh himſelf with his Creature Enjoyments, at his Houſe in the *Fauxburgh* St. *Anthony*. So that the Page return'd as wiſe as he went.

Thereupon Madam *de Maintenon*, without any more ado, made bold with the King's Cloſet; where, in a ſhort time, ſhe wrote the following Note, and ſent it away with all ſpeed: For her Conſcience was all this while upon the Rack.

## *The Marchioneſs of* Maintenon's *Letter to the Reverend Father* La Chaiſe.

'AT length, Reverend Father, after long Muſing upon the 'unfortunate Accident that has be-'fal'n me, I have caſt my Eyes up-'on you, as the Perſon from whom 'I expect my Deliverance; being 'fully perſwaded that you can rid 'me of the Torment which I un-'dergo. 'Tis not any Politick 'Affair nor any Intriegue that I

'am

'am driving on, which engages 'me to ſend you theſe Lines. 'My Sufferings are inward, my 'Soul is harras'd with Remorſe 'of Conſcience. Haſten then to 'me with all poſſible ſpeed, dear 'Father; for you alone can pro-'cure the Peace and Tranquility of 'my Soul.

The Page was no ſooner arriv'd, but one of Father *La Chaiſe*'s Lacqueys carry'd him into a Cabinet hung with Foreſt Work, where were alſo preſent the Biſhop of *Paris*, and ſeveral other Perſons of Quality.

So ſoon as the Father ſaw the Meſſenger, he ſmil'd, believing he had ſome Meſſage to deliver to him from the King. To which the Page reply'd, That he was ſent from Madam *de Maintenon*, to deliver him that Letter.

'Tis all one; (ſaid the Reverend Father) for Tydings either from the One or the Other, are equally grateful. And ſo reading the Note, with an Aire of Satisfaction, he told the Page, that he would

would ſpeedily do himſelf the Honour of going to aſſure the King and Madam *de Maintenon* of his moſt humble Reſpects and Readineſs to ſerve 'em. And indeed the Reverend Father took no ſmall delight to let all the Company ſee the Eſteem and Tenderneſs which he had for that vertuous Lady, by expaciating into a Panegyrick upon the gliſtering Vertues that adorn'd her Mind.

And certainly it may be ſaid, without any Aggravation, that among all the Clergy of *France*, there never was a Perſon that underſtood ſo well to comply with all the Humours, all the Fegaries, and all the Intrieques of the Court of *Lewis* XIV. with ſo much Wit, ſo much Policy, and ſo much Diſſimulation. No wonder then that having ſo many Sleights and Ways to gain a Prince's Heart, we ſee him towring in ſo high a Sphere of Proſperity, and the Envy of his whole Order, who ſee him almoſt the ſole Poſſeſſor of the King's Ear, and by that means, with Eaſe ſurmounting all Obſtacles that oppoſe his Deſigns.

Being

Being then ſo eminent and ſo great a
erſon, let us wait upon him to *Verſail-*
*s*; where he arriv'd at what time the
King was in company with Madam
*e Maintenon*. The King no ſooner ſaw
im, but reaching forth his Hand for
im to Kiſs, Father, (ſaid he) you are
he moſt Happy among Men; you were
viſht for here with a more then ordi-
ary Paſſion; every Hour was thought
Day till you came.

Sir, (reply'd the Reverend Father)
with a Monkiſh Humility, all the Hap-
pineſs that I have in this World, is to be
elov'd by your Majeſty.

The King was pleas'd with his Com-
plement, and bid him take his Place.
Their firſt Diſcourſe was about the pre-
ent Affairs; but that being ſoon over,
he Father turning toward our Marchio-
neſs, In truth, Madam, (ſaid he) I
have a long time had an extream deſire
o enjoy the Happineſs of your Pre-
ence: Father *Bourdalon* has Preach'd
two or three times, but you never
vouchſaf'd him the Honour to hear
him; which did not a little ſurprize me,
knowing your Devotion to be ſo exem-
plary.

Truely

Truly Father, (reply'd Mada
*de Maintenon*) I have been forc'd to kee
my Chamber for ſome time, not find
ing my ſelf very well: Beſides, I a
fallen into a deep Melancholy that ver
much diſturbs my Mind.

May not the Cauſe, Madam, of
much Grief, (reply'd the Reveren
Father) be enquir'd into, and whenc
it derives it's Original?

Aſſuredly, Father, (ſaid the March
oneſs) I am firmly convinc'd, That the
is nothing that one of your true Pen
tents ought to conceal from your Know
ledge; and that we ought to apply o
ſelves to you, as to the real Comfort
of our Souls. I'll tell yee then what 't
that thus torments me. Monſieur *Sca
ron* is return'd from the other World, an
has laid thoſe Things to my Charge
that pierce my very Heart: For he to
me, That he could not be admitted int
Eternal Reſt, for that I had neglected
him after his Death, not having caus
Maſſes and Prayers to be ſaid for hi
ſufficient to releaſe him out of his pr
ſent Miſery. And this is that which a
flicts me extreamly, that I ſhould be th
Cauſe of his Sufferings in Purgatory.

I mu

I muſt confeſs, Madam, (ſaid the Father) you tell me very ſorrowful News. ——— But pray Madam, how long has he been Dead?

As far as I can remember, Father, reply'd the King) he dy'd that very Year that I was marry'd to the deceaſed Queen, which was in 1660.

Then, Sir, (anſwer'd the Reverend Father) we may reckon it to be about Thirty four Years that this poor Soul has been in fiery Tribulation. Good Soul!— ſufficiently Purify'd!—— A Martyr in Purgatory.——— We muſt inform the Pope, that we may get him Canoniz'd.

His Holineſs, Father, might do well to put him in the Kalendar of Saints, and order his Bones, as a new Diſcovery, to be carry'd to all the Churches in *Chriſtendom*. But pray tell me,——— Is there a time limited for us to be in Purgatory?

Sir, (anſwer'd the Father) we have no certain time appointed for our Suffe-rings. We are confin'd to this Place, according to the demerits of our Crimes, for a longer or ſhorter time, ſufficient to purge us from all our Tranſgreſſions and Sins committed in this World: For the

the Scripture tells us, That no Defile-
ment can enter the Kingdom of Hea-
ven.

But that which very much ſurprize
me, (ſaid our Heroeſs) is, that M. *Scar-
ron* ſhould be ſo long detain'd in this
ſame Manſion of Pain; for I always
found him to be a merry Soul indeed
but full of Piety and Devotion: Beſides
the good Man, being ſeiz'd with a pa-
ralitick Diſtemper, liv'd many Years
without the Uſe of his Limbs; by which
means God gave him time enough to
Repent.

Repentance, Madam, (reply'd Fa-
ther *la Chaiſe*,) is the only means to ob-
tain the Mercy of God. But in regard
that as I told yee before, we muſt for all
that, ſuffer out our Sufferings in the Place
appointed for the perfect Expiation of
our Sins, I advize yee to uſe your utmoſt
Efforts for this Martyr; to give Money
ſpeedily to two or three Churches, to
ſay a ſufficient Number of Maſſes for
his Deliverance: 'Tis the ſureſt way
to get his Soul admitted into Paradiſe.
You muſt alſo your ſelf be continually
at your Prayers to the Holy Vir-
gin and all the Saints, that they will
vouchſafe

vouchsafe to put up their Petitions for him.

What think yee, Father, (cry'd Madam *de Maintenon*) if I should undertake a Pilgrimage to our *Lady of Deliverance*, or perform some other Penance to get this wandring Soul out of Torment with all the speed that may be. I would fain have him, I car'd not how soon, in the Saints Everlasting Rest, rather then be troubl'd with him here upon Earth.

Lord! Madam, (cry'd the Reverend Father) what Religious, what Charitable Sentiments are these for a Woman of this World, and in your Prosperity. But I find that you have still an unexhaustible Spring of Piety in your Heart.

Alas! Father, (said Madam *de Maintenon*, with an extraordinary Aire of Modesty, I am not so Devout as you take me to be.—— The World,— the World, Father, will get the upper-hand in spite of all Reluctancy,—— and I am continually waging War with the Rebellions of my Flesh——

Madam, (answer'd the Father, fetching a deep Sigh) we shall never be perfect

fect till we get to Heaven, where we ſhall meet with no more Tryals and Temptations of this Life.

I am apt to believe, Father, (interrupted the King with a Smile,) that we have been at a Sermon: You have preach'd to us the beſt Morality i'the World. Nothing grieves me, but that I fear me it will have ſo ſtrong an operation upon Madam *de Maintenon*, that ſhe'll forget all the Pleaſures of this Life, and we ſhall loſe her in theſe Divine Contemplations.

I will tell yee, Sir, (anſwer'd the Marchioneſs) that there is an unexpreſſible Joy to be met with, in the ſolid Contemplation of the Divine Myſteries. For my part I no longer wonder that ſo many Souls of the Saints have been tranſported to Heaven in Raptures and Enthuſiaſms. But this ſame Zeal, God knows, is not perfect in us; ſo that we may ſay, that we always feel in our Heart, ſomething that oppoſes right Reaſon.

Obſerve, Father, (ſaid the King) that Madam *de Maintenon* never propoſes any Argument, but ſhe alſo ſupports it with a Philoſophical Proof, with ſo much Strength, and

ſolid

Solid Reaſon, that *Plato* could have done no more. In all theſe Lovely Arguments, continu'd the King, beholding our Heroeſs with a wiſtful Eye, How pleaſant it is to hear a Perſon ſo witty as you are, argue ſo Pathetically. In good earneſt, I find the Fate of Men is very Frail, in reference to the Female Sex. But who can help it? The Author of Nature having given 'em a ſenſible Heart, and Senſes capable to receive all Impreſſions, how is it poſſible for 'em to reſiſt ſo many Enemies? So that 'tis no wonder, if many times, in deſpite of our own Wills and Conſents, we ſuffer our ſelves to be ſurpriz'd.

'Tis very true, Sir, ſaid the Reverend Father, that there it is where Human Weakneſs ſhews it ſelf, and in that we are more unfortunate then Criminal, ſince we are not able, as your Majeſty well obſerves, to Triumph over thoſe Senſes of ours, that without Intermiſſion oppoſe our Will. I find nothing in all St. *Paul's* Theology, that better agrees with the Frailty of Human Creatures, then when he ſays, that when he would do Good, evil is with him; but that he finds another Law that hinders him from doing what he would. D Fa-

Father, reply'd Madam *de Maintenon*, you have exactly hit the meaning of that Great Apostle, I am charm'd with this Discourse, nor do I care how long it were to continue. But in regard his Majesty has already Laugh'd at me, for taking so much pleasure in these seeming Enthusiasms, I am afraid of provoking him, and rendring my self in some measure troublesome.

No, no——Madam, reply'd the King smiling, I am too great a Lover of what you delight in, to oppose your Holy Recreations. Besides, that a Converse wherein you intermix so much of your own Wit, and so engaging, can never be otherwise then most agreeable to me.

Sir, said our Marchioness, I am infinitely beholding to your Majesty for that Esteem with which you Honour me; and I return thanks to Heaven for my Good Fortune, and for that inestimable Minute, wherein I had the Felicity to obtain your Favour. But your Majesty always exercises a sort of Goodness natural to your Royal Inclination, which is to excuse all the Defects of the most humble your Servants.

The King was about to have return'd

an

an Answer, but a Page brought Word, that the Cloth was laid. So that, now they minded nothing but Eating and pleasant Discourse. The King began the Reverend Confessor's Health; and he carried it to Madam *de Maintenon*, who receiv'd it very obligingly. Dinner being over, Father *La Chaise*, who has the Honour to accompany the King every day at Dinner, took his Leave of the King, alledging the necessity of his Return to *Paris* to his Profess'd House, where he gives Audience twice or thrice a Week to several persons of all Conditions that come to kiss his Hands.

Said the King to him, I give you leave to go home, but upon Condition that you return in the Evening. Upon which the Father Transported with the King's Civility, display'd his Acknowledgment by a profound Reverence, and a Humility attended with an extraordinary Respect.

After he was gone, the King went to *Fontainbleau*, with the Duke of *Orleans*, and the *Dauphin* to make a Hunting Match in the Forrest of *Vincennes*. In the mean time, our Heroels retir'd to her Chamber, to muse at Leisure upon

her intended Pilgrimage to our Lady of Deliverance. But before her departure, she stay'd three Weeks in her Abbey, from whence she went every morning in the Habit of a Penitent to the Great Church of *Paris*, to Order the saying of Masses for the Ghost of *Scarron*, attended only by *La Caverne*, who waited on her in her Chamber.

But the Marchioness was not contented with a Legion of *Orisons*, which she caus'd to be power'd forth in the Cathedral; for she set all the Devout People at Work in several other Churches; more particularly at St. *Eustachius's*, and the Abbey of St. *Lewis*, for whom she had a secret Veneration. After all these Mortifiations, she went the next day to St. *Cyr*, to prepare the Ladies of the Abbey, and all the young Damsels to live in her absence, with great Reserv'dness, and with all the Discretion imaginable, giving 'em to that purpose the most admirable Precepts in the World. They took their Leaves of her, full of Sorrow and Affliction for their Cruel Separation from her dear Presence. And at length, when those doleful Complements and Formalities were over, she took

Coach

Coach with *La Caverne*, in Order to her Travels, which were to be for a Month. 'Tis not to be imagin'd, what Floods of Tears her Absence cost the whole Society; but then the sorrowful Sisters solac'd themselves again, with the hopes of their beloved Abbesses Return in a short time: Assuring themselves, that her Vertue and her Devotion would secure her from all Attempts upon her Person, either of her incens'd Husband, or *Pluto* himself.

The King, who stay'd at *Versailles*, with an incredible Impatience to see his Mistress before she departed, could not readily resolve to want her Company for so long a time; and disputed warmly with himself, whither or no he should grant her Request. But as he was musing and pondering upon this mournful Journey, for by that Name he call'd it; the rather, because his Majesty was no Admirer of Penances and Pilgrimages, Madam *de Maintenon* made her Entry, to pay him her last Adieu's, with a Sorrow surpassing all Expression.

The King Embracing her, Ah, Madam said he, how dear will this Absence of yours cost me! Those Words

went to the Marchioneſſes heart, and overcame her with ſuch a piercing Diſconſolation, that for a time ſhe could not ſpeak.

The King, who had his Reaſons for what he did, had let fall this on purpoſe. For he knew that ſhe ſtood in need of his Aſſiſtance upon ſeveral occaſions.

Before they parted for good and all, Madam *de Maintenon* ſettl'd all his Majeſties Suſpitions, by a thouſand charming Proteſtations. The Reverend Father *La Chaiſe*, who by good luck Arriv'd juſt in the nick of time, beſtow'd an infinite Number of Benedictions upon her, to encourage her in her Noble deſign: Aſſuring her, that he would not ceaſe to offer up his Prayers to God, and all the Male and Female Saints, that they would be pleas'd to depute a good Angel to be her Companion and Conductor, and that he hop'd the Succeſs of her Pilgrimage would be greatly to her Glory. Adding withal, that it was a good Office of a high Nature, which ſhe was going to do for her Husband. Thus it was, that *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe* ſeparated with mutual aſſurances, never to be forgetful of each other.

The

The Father, who was an Ear Witneſs of all theſe Proteſtations, ſtay'd behind with the King, diſcourſing for ſome time about the Marriage of *Boufflers* with Mademoiſelle *de Gramont*, the Daughter of *Antony Charles*, Duke of the ſame Name, and whoſe Dowry was no leſs then 40000 Livres, beſides a Magnificent Preſent from the King in Jewels; and ſome talk of ſeveral other conſiderable Emoluments.

But let us return to our Monarch, who was extreamly turmoyl'd and uneaſie to be ſo long a Widower, as one that was never Idle in his Amours. Therefore, to paſs time away, he went every day to St. *Germains*, to Viſit the Queen of *England*. He found that Princeſs well Built and very Charming, and that ſhe had a Heart not altogether inſenſible of his Careſſes. And indeed, her deplorable Condition, after her Husband had loſt his Crown, caus'd her to entertain the Careſſes of our Monarch, with a more then ordinary tenderneſs, as being the moſt probable future ſupport of a King's unjoyntur'd Widow; ſo that his Majeſty ſucceeded perfectly to his Content. For one day

that King *James* was at *Paris*, his Majesty had the Opportunity to be all alone a whole afternoon with the Queen, and to make her a Formal and Ample Declaration of his Love.

Lewis *the Great's Declaration of his Love, to the Banish'd Queen of* England.

Madam,

WERE *it for that Reason, that I must be accounted one of your most Cruel Enemies, I could not forbear to Curse the misfortune, that brought you so happily into this Kingdom, and which has, by that means, procur'd me the Charming pleasure of your Company. I must needs declare to you, Madam, that ever since that Fortunate day, I have always preserv'd a most profound Esteem for your Person, which has bred up and cherish'd in my heart, something that I can hardly tell what it is. I fancy to my self the most pleasing Idea that ever was in the World, of all your Sparkling Qualities, and I take delight to recall 'em to my mind every Minute of the day, and to Dream of you in the Night. I have habituated my self to that which appears to me the only thing that assuages the Disturbances of my Love; that is to say, an unfeigned*

*unfeigned Vow which is made to your self, by the most passionate of Men, and who burns with an Ardent desire to let you see, how far it is possible for that Passion, which he has for you, to extend it self.*

The Queen was not a little at a Nonplus, to hear such inforcing and passionate Expressions; which was the Reason why she could not return a suddain Answer; for it behov'd her to look well about her on every side. She was afraid least her Husband should take notice of the King's Tenderness, and least *Madam de Maintenon* should turn her mortal Enemy, to whom she had been infinitely beholding, duringher abode in *France*; foreseeing also, that her Succor might be very necessary still; and for that in her Afflicted Condition, it became her to make use of all her Policy and Precaution to preserve her friends.

On the other side, it was not in her Power to look upon the King with an indifferent Eye; She felt within her self an Inclination strong enough to love him; besides, the Offers of his Service, and the continual Assurances of his Royal Word, never to forsake her, and to

use his utmost endeavours for the Restoration of her Husband; all these Considerations stagger'd the Resolutions of her Chastity, and turmoyl'd her with a thousand various thoughts.

In the mean time, the King, to whom the Queen had not as yet open'd her Lips, since the Vow that he had made her, first breaking silence, Madam, said he, I know not to what cause to attribute the disturbance which I behold in your Looks, or whither I may be able to make a favourable Construction of it.

To which the Queen, not able to reject the Courtly Addresses of our Monarch, and no less willing to keep him in hopes, that one day he might see himself Gainer of the Conquest to which he aspir'd; Sir, said she, after a most Amiable and engaging manner, The expressions you have made use of, to let me understand the Condition of your Heart, have plung'd me into a deep Meditation; and I can hardly believe, that a Prince, like you, who are the Terror of all *Europe*, should be in want of better Objects, to Sigh for a Person, whom Fortune has so severely handl'd. My Misfortunes are daily before my Eyes, and

and the Fatal remembrance of 'em will never leave me till Death.

Madam, reply'd the King, it would be in vain for me to reiterate what I have so often repeated over and over again; that I am deeply sensible of your Misfortunes, and that they never yet could make me loose the least respect which is due to your Birth. I look upon you still as a Queen and what is more, absolute over the Empire of my Will; and the secret Charms which I have discover'd in your Perfections, the force of which is inevitable, have constrain'd me to acknowledge the Torments which I suffer. Among a thousand Beauties that appear at Court, I do not meet with those subduing Allurements, which I find in you, and by which I perceive my self so mortally Wounded.

The Queen was about to have return'd an Answer, and to have let his Majesty know, how infinitely she was beholding to him, for his kind Sentiments and Favours bestow'd upon her, when King *James*, who had been at *Paris* to Visit Father *La Chaise*, came in and spoyl'd a good Complement. The

Reverend

Reverend Father, it ſeems, had carry'd him to his Houſe in the *Fauxburg St. Antony*, where they had ſpent the whole day together, and where among other things, they fell into Diſcourſe about the Affairs of *England*, and ſo by degrees, into a deep debate, which was the moſt probable way for the King to regain the three Kingdoms he had loſt. The Reverend Father, whoſe Brains are Fertile in Counſel and Intrigues, had diſplay'd upon that Subject, the whole extent of his Eloquence, promiſing the diſtreſſed King all the Aſſiſtance, that he was capable to afford him. Thoſe Aſſurances ſo ſincere and profitable, had warm'd the Unfortunate King's Heart, and brought into his Countenance an Air of Gayety, which accompanied all his Actions. In this humour, entring the Room, Brother, ſaid he, you've a Bleſſed time on't, to be always courting the Ladies. 'Tis very true, reply'd his Majeſty, they have a powerful Aſcendant over me.

The Scene of the Diſcourſe being thus Chang'd, King *James* fell into a long Story of the Fathers kind Entertainment, the various Subjects upon which they had been conferring Notes together,

ther, and the wholesome Consolations he had receiv'd from that same Conscience-Director. He extoll'd his Wit and his Merit, and applauded his Majesties Choice of such an Excellent Father Confessor.

But our Monarch, who had other Things to trouble his Brains withal, then the Encomiums of Father *La Chaise*, look'd upon K. *James*'s Chat as impertinent; as being altogether uneasie in his Mind, and not knowing how his Affairs stood in the Heart of his New Mistris, who was no less displeas'd with the Interruption on her Side: And in this humour the King took his leave with only a Farewel, Brother, till I see you again. King *James* waited upon him to his Coach, where he pay'd him a thousand Complements, and pray'd him to continue his wonted Goodness toward him; and the King assur'd him he should be always the same.

Being come to *Versailles*, he abandon'd himself wholly to his Amorous Passion, revolving in his mind all his Mistresses Charms, and the Obliging Ways by which she had engag'd his Heart, were the Subject of his Ruminations all that Night.

Night. The next Morning he return'd with an Unconceivable Impatience to revisit the Object of his Love. But foreseeing, that perhaps he might not have a favourable Opportunity to find the Queen alone, she being Visited by the Dutchess of *Portsmouth*, and Madam *de Noailles*, her Intimate Friends, he wrote her the following Lines.

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*The Kings Letter to the Banish'd Queen.*

*Madam,*

'SInce I was born, I never lov'd so much as now I do; my Love for you 'is of another Nature then what I was 'wont to feel upon the like Occasions. 'This Violent Passion can proceed from 'no other cause then from your Merit, 'which distinguishes you from other 'Women. Never say then, Madam, 'that this is the usual Discourse that 'Men make use of, to inveagle the Fair 'and Beautiful, since the Troubles of 'my Heart, and the restless Disquiet 'of my Mind continually prove the 'contrary. Answer my Love more

'kindly

'kindly then hitherto you have done;
'assuring you, that if you afford me the
'least Hope, I shall quickly find Re-
'pose.

Adieu Madam.

The Queen receiv'd this Letter with an extraordinary Joy; but she did not think it proper to return an Answer: which very much disturb'd the King; and made him resolve to return that day to St. *Germains*. He found the Queen in her Closet, reading an Amorous History sent her out of *England*; to whom, Madam, said he, I draw ye from a more pleasing Divertisment. To which the Queen made answer, that not having else to do she took a Book in her Hand; but that now she would make a better use of the happy Hour that presented it self, to enjoy his Majesties Company.

The King whose Passion was Violent, ask'd her in a kind of Disorder that frequently befalls true Lovers, why she had not written to him; and told her withal, that she had reduc'd him almost to utter Despair to find his Love so ill repay'd by a Person so Amiable; and that he

he had great reaſon to bewail his Deſtiny, not having ever Sigh'd in vain before.

The Queen, who is Witty, and ready at Replys, told him that her Husband never parted from her all that Day; and that his Majeſty having a Love for Madam *de Maintenon*, ſhe was unwilling to draw upon her ſelf the Hatred of a Rival, who might trouble that little repoſe that was left her.

The King, who is an utter Enemy to Arguments and Reaſons where he Loves, told her that he had power ſufficient to preſerve her from all her Fears; that he had a high Eſteem for that Lady; but that he ſtill preſerv'd a Tenderneſs for an Object of Adoration: and that the Marchioneſs of *Maintenon* had too much Diſcretion to contradict him in his Pleaſures.

An Anſwer of that Nature ſplit the Queen's Heart, and inſpir'd her with ſeveral thoughts, that might have carry'd her a great Way; but the Dutcheſs of *Portſmouth*'s Arrival deliver'd her out of her Perplexity; and the King, who is very Complaiſant in Ladies Society, tack'd the Converſation together for a long

long time, so that the Day pass'd merrily away. They fell into Discourse of the French and English Customs, and of other things very diverting. But the Evening drawing on, as jealous of their Happiness, brake off these pleasing entertainments, and separated the Illustrious Company.

Madam *de Maintenon*, who was by this time got safe to our Lady of Deliverance, upon *All Saints* Eve, and tyr'd with her Journey, having travel'd half the way a foot in the Habit of a Penitent, went to a House of one that was her Acquaintance, with her Damsel *La Caverne*, who was no less weary then her Mistris. The Lady of the House was very much surpriz'd to see that such a Person, as she was, should undertake such painful Mortifications; but the Marchioness up and told her the Important occasion of her Pilgrimage: That her Husband *Scarron* had appear'd to her, and upbraided her; and that she was to say so many Masses for him: For this Reason, said she, my Dear Friend, I am come hither to Pray to the Patroness of your Parish, the *Mother of Deliverance*, to aid me in my present Affliction. To which the

the Lady answered, that she was the best Saint in the World, and that she wrought several Miracles every Day, and that of all those that besought her with an Ardent Zeal, she never sent any one away, without some effect of her Goodness.

The next Day our Heroess lay all Day long i'th Church, (which was a great Testimony of her Piety and Zeal) continually and most Ardently imploring the favour of the Saint in the following form of Prayer.

*The Marchioness of* Maintenon's *Prayer to our* Lady of Deliverance.

*QVeen of Heaven, Guide to Salvation, Refuge of Afflicted Souls, take Pity of Me, and of Him, whom I recommend to thy favour, and who has lain languishing for these thirty Years in Purgatory; and who perhaps without thy Succour must be forc'd to stay there till* Doomsday: *Send me not back, dear Mother of Mercy, without affording me some Sign of thy Protection. I recommend the Soul of Monsieur* Scarron *into thy Hands, and beseech thee to admit him into Paradise. This is the only favour, which a Miserable Penitent, Devoted only*

to

*thy Service, begs at thy Hands. Pardon my paſt Tranſgreſſions, and all theſe Sins, which I ſhall commit for the future: Safely direct all the Deſigns of St.* Lewis *our Good King; and ſo order it, that he may obtain Victory over his Enemies, and particularly over the* Huguenots *that Profane thy Holy Name. Thou knoweſt how much I love the Light of the Faithful; and that I put all my Confidence in thy Divine Power: Now then ſhew it, by giving Reſt to this Martyr, who muſt otherwiſe be a perpetual Slave to his Torments.*

She alſo ſaid a world of *Ave Maria's*, which brought up the Rear of all her Pious Ejaculations. In theſe Extraordinary Devotions the Day was ſpent; beſides that, ſhe was preſent with a moſt Religious awe, at all the Prayers that were ſaid to the Ghoſt of *Scarron*. The Feſtival being over, our Marchioneſs, who is as Generous as the Sun, ſcorn'd to depart the Holy Place, without making a Civil Preſent to our Lady of *Deliverance*, from whom ſhe expected ſo much eaſe. She therefore preſented her with an Infinite number of Wax Tapers, deſiring the Prieſt, who was to ſay the Maſ-

ſes

ſes to let 'em burn Night and Day, as many as he thought fitting for the Honour of the Saint; which ſhe left to his Diſcretion, well-knowing that he would not cheat her for all the World. Madam, anſwer'd the Prieſt, you may return with full Aſſurance, and believe that I think my ſelf extreamly happy, that 'tis in my power to be Serviceable to a Lady of your Quality; beſides, that 'tis a matter of Conſcience. This humble reply mollify'd the Heart of Madam *Maintenon*, and drew out of her Pocket a little Purſe full of Single Money, which ſhe preſented to the Prieſt, conjuring him by all that was Sacred in the World to pray to God and all the Saints continually for her poor Deceaſed Husband.

The next Morning, our Heroeſs ſet forward again in order to her return for *Paris*, very well ſatisfy'd and almoſt convinc'd of the Good Succeſs of her Voyage. Upon her arrival at *Paris*, the King was over-joy'd to ſee her; He told her, that the Time of her Abſence had been very tedious to him; that ſhe had perform'd ſuch an Extraordinary Penance, that ſhe could not queſtion the Succeſs of it, and that he believ'd that *Soarin*

was

was by that time in Heaven; or else he was certainly the most Miserable of all Mankind.

To which, Madam *de Maintenon* fetching a deep Sigh, reply'd, that having done her Duty, she left the Rest to the most Blessed Virgin, to whom she had recommended her Martyr a thousand times: So that if all that Dy'd were to give the Living so much Trouble, there would be no felicity in this World.

I must acknowledge, Madam, reply'd the Monarch, that Purgatory is a thing which very much perplexes me; for when we have done all we can do in this World, we know not, when we are about to die, whither we shall go.

Sir, answer'd the Marchioness, your Majesty cannot chuse but know that Good Works and Penances are of great force to moderate the Pains of Purgatory, and to avert the Anger of Heaven that hangs over our Heads; and in regard I know that M. *Scarron* had never any Inclination for these sort of Mortifications, his Genius carrying him rather to Jollity and Mirth, I am firmly perswaded that this is the Reason why he is kept so long in Purgatory.

'Slife,

'Slife, then cry'd the King, what an Unhappy Man am I, Madam, who love the Pleasures of this Life, as I do, and whatever is capable to Charm the Senses; and find but a very feeble inclination in my self, God knows, to Penances and Mortifications; what can I expect but to burn Eternally in the Fire of Purgatory?

Sir, reply'd Madam *de Maintenon*, your Majesty carries things a little too far. I find ye extreamly Godly, and full of Devout Sentiments for Religion. You have perform'd a most noble Action of late Days, in Extirpating the Heretics out of your Kingdom, and causing the Catholick Church to Triumph. These Great Exploits will never dye; but will infallibly carry ye to Heaven without any danger of Purgatory.

This is that indeed which comforts me a little, Madam, said the King; for God knows, the real Motives of my Design were grounded upon the Propagation of the Faith.

While the King was yet speaking, in came King *James*, his Spouse, and the Dutchess of *Portsmouth*, being newly arriv'd at *Versailles* to Congratulate our Heroes

Heroes's upon her Return from her Pilgrimage, which she had conceal'd from them, as being unwilling that any Body should know it. Ah, Madam, said the Queen, saluting her, you keep your Affairs very Private. I ask'd the King several Times, what was become of ye; but he would needs persuade me all along, that you were still at St. *Cyr*, which I could hardly believe, because I never met ye abroad.

You know, Madam, that the Concerns of Devotion are or ought to be carry'd Privately; and that our Works of Piety are then most Meritorious, when they make least Noise.

You must not take it ill then of the Marchioness, reply'd the Dutchess of *Portsmouth*, that she kept her Pilgrimage Private, for Reasons of Conscience: we must do all we can to purchase Heaven.

What you say, answer'd K *James*, is admirably well said: but you must agree with me, that there are some Persons born under bad Constellations; and that frequently those Stars shed down their Malignant Influences upon us in such a manner, that 'tis Impossible to avoid 'em.

My

My Misfortune is an Apparent Proof of what I have set forth. For all that I did in *England*, while in possession of the Crown, was only out of a Design to labour the Propagation of the Faith, to Reform the Laws, Polish the People, and to have done many other Things of that Nature; Nevertheless you all see what I got by it.

Sir, said the Dutchess, what you have told us, would carry us too far; it deserves too long Reflexions; and the Subject being Mournful would beget a Conversation that would Kill us with Melancholly. Our business is to divert Madam *de Maintenon*, who looks as if she came out of the Monuments. Let us all go to Morrow, if his Majesty pleases, to chuse King and Queen at *Marli*, and put a New Crown upon the Head of our Unfortunate Prince.

All the Company applauded the Dutchesses Motion, who is Mistriss of the most Engaging Charms in the World, and who has the knack to win Affections when she pleases her self: And here it may be proper to let the World know, who this Dutchess of *Portsmouth* was, that Enslav'd the Heart of *Charles* II.

till

till Death. She is Daughter to the Marquis *de Keroues*, a Person of Quality in *Britany*, who had lost much of his Credit, before he got his Daughter into the Service of the Princess *Henrietta Stuart*, where the K. of *England* saw her the first time, and Lov'd her ever after.

But to return to that Part which was acted next Day at *Marli*, where there were a great Number of Lords and Ladies to Solemnize that same Courtly-Festival, the K. who was in a good humour, spoke a thousand pleasant things to the Queen; Nor could he retain from giving her Signes of his Passion. Madam *de Maintenon* seem'd a little Nettled at it; but being very Politick, she dissembled it. Abundance of Healths were Drank, and K. *James* was K. of the Ceremony. Whereupon our Prince said, smiling, that he was mightily pleas'd that Fortune had favour'd him so well, and that he was disingag'd from his Word: For that he had often promised to make him King, and restore him to his Throne; and now he had no Reason to complain: adding, that to convince him further of the care which he took for his Welfare, he would entertain him with the Merit

of the Dutchess of *G——on*. K. *James* answer'd with an Air of Gayety, that he did not deny but that he had been touch'd with Love and respect for that Amiable Personage. I know it very well, Brother, repli'd our Monarch, that you had an Extraordinary respect for her, and I agree with you that we are created to Love the fair Sex. The Dutchess of *Portsmouth* display'd her sparkling Wit upon many occasions; and particularly in sustaining the Kings Sentiments, who sate near to the Queen, and the most Passionate of all Mankind, but the Princess being afraid of her Rival, seem'd to be tormented with Jealousie upon this Occasion.

The K. who is Sagacious enough, perceiv'd it at first, and to convince her that he was above those Little things, he pull'd out of his Pocket some Verses which he had made for her in the Morning, telling her very pleasantly that he was happy in a Lovely Muse, which made him oftentimes have a mind to play the Poet, and that sometimes he took a Ramble with her to *Parnassus*. Look ye, says he, what she has inspir'd me with to Day. But he presented them to the Queen

Queen in such a very Earnest and hasty manner, as discover'd the Confusion he was in. The Princess receiv'd them very Civilly, and read these words,

*My Tender Heart fair* Iris *hath in-flam'd,*
*He who hath seen her, can't for Love be blam'd:*
*How amiable are those Charming Eyes!*
*And yet how Guilty, Monarchs to Surprize.*

This last Blow was Like to have caus'd Madam *Maintenon* to die for Grief, but her Love not being so Nice as to endure no Sharer, she comforted her self the more easily, being unwilling to oppose the pleasures of her Prince, as preferring her Fortune and his Good Will to all the pleasures of an Amorous Amusement.

The Day being spent in such agreeable diversions, every one took leave of each other. The K. attended the Q. of *England* to St. *Germains*, and our Marchioness was fully resolv'd to return back to her Abby. As soon as she arriv'd, all the Ladies of St. *Louis*, and the Young Damsels embrac'd her tenderly,

signifying that her absence was insupportable to them. Our Heroess, on the other hand, assur'd them, that she had had her share of the Grief, and suffer'd no less then they, having continually thought on her Spiritual Militia; and as it was not long since she return'd from her Pilgrimage, she had always a strong Inclination to see them again; but could not prevent her staying sometime at the Palace of *Versailles* to pay her respects first to the King, and that now she was to be more at St. *Cyr*, being oblig'd to pray further to God and St. *Louis* for Monsieur *Scarron*, that he might have a speedy entrance into his desir'd rest.

Although the King, and all the Ladies whom I have mention'd, did their utmost to remove the Marchioness discontent, nevertheless she abandon'd her self to a Continu'd Pensiveness. Two mighty things did constantly operate in her Mind, the Reproaches wherewith *Scarron* had upbraided her extremely, and the Admonition which he gave her, as to the Changeable humour of that Prince, and the inconstancy of his Love to any particular Object, as finding always Variety of new Charms, which

which presag'd that she should have the same fate with others of his Mistresses.

These Last Words of *Scarron* had made a mighty Impression upon the Mind of our Heroess, and the Adventures which befell her on the day of the three Kings at *Marli*, did fully confirm her in her thoughts, especially when she reflected upon the pleasure and transport, which his Majesty discover'd in presence of the Queen of *England*; which convinc'd her, that her own good Fortune was not to be of any long duration, if she did not behave her self with great Complaisance and Conduct. She very often blam'd the Inconstancy and Volatile humour of Men, whose Love is guided by their Sense, and lasts no longer then while the beloved Object is able to Charm them; it being Impossible to lay any Solid Foundation upon their Conduct. She consider'd also, that the Weakness of a Woman was Great to yield up what is most Dear and Valuable to her in the World upon such false Appearances; confessing Ingeniously, that a true Friendship had a thousand times more sweet Attractives and lasted till Death; that Love was

only a Passion begot by the presence of an Amiable Person, but that Friendship was a Virtue which Sympathy fix'd betwixt two Friends by their Mutual care of, and continual Services to one another. Those Moral Reflections oblig'd our Marchioness to spend several days in great Solitude, although she assisted at the Masses which where said for *Scarron*'s Soul, with all her Damsels at Saint *Cyr*, every Day according to Custom.

The Reverend Father *La Chaise*, and Father *Bourdalon*, who had not seen Madam *Maintenon* after her return, being taken up with Ecclesiastical Affairs, were impatient till they had given her a Visit; whereupon they took Coach and went to her Abby, where our Heroess receiv'd them very Agreeably after her Devout and Modest manner. The Reverend Fathers made known the Satisfaction which they had to hear of her Arrival, and that apparently her Journey had been happy, for they had not ceas'd during her Absence, to Pray and make Vows for her and Monsieur *Scarron*, whose Soul must needs be now in the Enjoyment of the height of Bliss.

I wish it be so, Fathers, answer'd our Marchioness, with all my Soul, for that's the true rest to which all of us ought to Aspire, there being nothing in this Vast Universe certain nor Solid; we often possess Grandeur without tranquility, and pleasures without repose, our Reason not being able to surmount all those Obstacles which oppose themselves to those good things, fills us with continual Cares, which give us perpetual Disquiet.

In the mean time, Madam, replys Father *La Chaise*, we have that share of Reason which ought to distinguish us from other Animals, and direct us here to find Remedies for those things which torment us.

'Tis true, Father, says our Heroess, but Reason, of which we make such a Noise, affords but a small assistance against our Passions and the Troubles of Life; It opposes it self to all, but overcomes nothing; Tears our Hearts with a thousand Remorses and perpetual disquiets, and those are all the effects which it produces by its severe strength.

If it be as you say, Madam, answer'd the Reverend Father, the Beasts are

happier in their Innocence then we; for they follow their Natural Inclination with great Tranquility, and never feel any thing of those troubles which Ambition or Interest create within us Mortal Men.

You have spoke Excellently well, Father, says Madam *Maintenon*, for we have reason to Envy the quiet and sweet repose of those peaceful Creatures; and consider that all the Advantages, which we brag of with so much Vanity, are not equal to their Living without inward trouble.

But, Madam, Answers Father *Bourdalon*, that Tranquility is all the happiness which these Animals enjoy in their being, for their Soul dies with their Body, and returns to its first nothing.

In truth, Father, if it were not the hopes which we have that our Souls are Immortal, and that after this Life we should enjoy a peaceable Repose, we should be more to be pitied then the Brute Beasts; but I believe that those Sweets and Joys shall be only dispens'd, according to our Good Works, which I do always believe to be Meritorious.

It

It is certain, Madam, Anſwers the Father, that our Works juſtifie us before God, and that they Merit not only Eternal Life, but likewiſe an Augmentation of Glory; and we can alſo ſatisfie the Puniſhment due to our Sins by our own Sufferings.

Then Father, ſays Madam *Maintenon*, 'tis of great Importance to a Believer to Labour with Great care for Mortification by a continual Penance, and to do many Good Works to augment their degree of Glory.

Madam, replys Father *La Chaiſe*, God hath Elected us, as having foreſeen our Works, and the Good Motions of our Free Will; for the Converſion of a Man is in part due to his own Natural Strength, and not wholly to Grace.

But, Father, Anſwers our Heroeſs, If there be any Perſons perfectly Juſt in this World, ought they not to be aſſured of their Salvation.

I will tell you, Madam, Anſwer'd the Father, that Believers may fall from the Grace of God, and periſh finally. But we hope ſtill that by our Mortifications, our Penances, and the Pains which we endure in Purgatory, we may come to

Paradise, for our Lord Jesus Christ hath deliver'd us from the Guilt, but not from all the Punishments due to our Sins. We must then be purg'd by the Expiation of our Faults and endure those Torments; and this is what the Children of God are to expect when this Life is ended.

I assure you, Father, answer'd Madam, *Maintenon*, with a Penitent Visage and Tone, that such thoughts as those do entirely cool my Heart, take it off from all the pleasures of this Life, and make me Groan earnestly for a Holy Solitude, where I may Work out my Salvation without any Interruption.

Madam, says the Reverend Father, what we said was not a design to affect you, as it plainly appears to have done. This is only Discourse; We ought not to understand the Articles of our Faith in such a rigid manner, we must take up a milder sort of Morality; and moreover, a Person so Young and Charming as you are, is not oblig'd to abandon the Pleasures of Life so soon.

In

In the mean time, Father, says the Marchioness, I begin to distelish them, and if it were not for the Engagements I am under to his Majesty, I would retire my self out of the World for the rest of my Days, and go into a Covent; and I must Confess, that I have a mighty Inclination to the Capuchins: I envy the happiness of those Religious Persons, they Live in much Devotion and Austerity, and every Day before they go to Bed they say a Rosary, with the Litanies of the Holy Virgin, all which Piety Charms me Extreamly.

But, Madam, Answer'd Father *Bourdalou*, methinks you have reason to be contented, seeing you enjoy an Abbey, wherein you may carry your Devotion to what height you please.

True, Father, repli'd our Heroess; but in this Society I am divided betwixt my Devotion and the World, and sometimes cannot be private, because of the continual Care which I must have of the Youth, and the Orders I must give out every Day to the Community. I tell you freely, that that does oftentimes vex my mind.

Just t

Just as the Father was going to Answer, a Gentleman from the King Arriv'd at St. *Cyr*, and was Conducted into the Marchioneſſes Cloſet, by one of the Penitent Siſters, which broke off that Converſation, and oblig'd the good Fathers to return to *Paris*.

Our Marchioneſs ask'd the Gentleman what his Majeſties Commands were; who anſwer'd, that he pray'd her to come to *Verſails* to morrow.

Madam *de Maintenon*, who knows above all things how to take her Meaſures, went to wait upon His Majeſty next day, who was the moſt Melancholy and out of Humour that could be, upon Monſieur *Catinats* Arrival at *Verſails*, to regulate the State of the War for next Campagne, after his Marriage with Mademoiſelle *de Dangeau*.

After Dinner, Our Monarch to divert himſelf, went with Madam *Maintenon* to the D. of *Orleans*; where were preſent the Dauphin, the D. of *Chartres*, the Ducheſs of *Nouailles* and Ducheſs of *Portſmouth*, with many other Ladies and Lords; and being the time of the Carnival, they play'd all day. After Supper, thoſe in Masks came in to Dance, but

but retir'd betimes, referring it to another Seaſon, becauſe there had been a Comedy, in which were Repreſented all the Celeſtial and Rural Deities, with their Royal Equipage and Extraordinary Machines upon the Theatre.

The firſt Scene was a Plain, encompaſs'd with an Infinite Number of Trees juſt Budding, which furniſh'd a moſt delicious Shade in that Solitary Place. Theſe are the Names of the Gods which appear'd there.

*Saturn* or *Time* with a Hunger Starv'd *Countenance*, devouring every thing he met with; the very Stones not excepted: *Jupiter* darting Thunderbolts, and keeping the Univerſe in Obedience; The Sun environ'd with a thouſand Lights, and his Oracles, was mounted on a Chariot drawn by the Hours; *Mercury* the God of Eloquence, Ambaſſador and Interpreter to all the Gods with Wings at his hands and feet, and a Caduceus in his hand, twiſted with two Serpents, to denote Peace and Concord; *Bacchus* on a Triumphal Chariot drawn by Tigres cover'd with Deer-Skins, his Scepter Adorn'd with Leaves of Ivie and Vines; *Mars* the God of War and Battel

tel Arm'd Cap-a-pee, having a Helmet on his Head, a Lance in one Hand, a Pike in the other; *Neptune* with his Trident, sitting in a Great Scallop-shell for his Chariot, and being drawn by Whales and Sea Calves; the Tritons half Men and half Dolphins, attended him Sounding a Trumpet made of the Scales of Fish.

*Pluto* with an Infernal and Gloomy Air, marcht before the Old Ferryman *Charon*, who receiv'd into his Barge without distinction, all those that Arriv'd in the other World, and had by his side a horrible Dog, with Three Heads crawling full of Serpents. The Furies follow'd after, with Burning Flambeaux, foming with Rage, their Eyes sparkling, and instead of Hair, had their Heads cover'd with dangling Vipers.

Sleep bringing quiet Repose to mankind, attended by one of the Officers, called *Morpheus* the God of Dreams, who drew all sorts of Figures.

The Theatre chang'd Scenes, and represented a pleasant Meadow, enamelled with thousands of Flowers; and there all the Goddesses appear'd.

*Cibele* Queen of the Earth sate Crown'd

Crown'd with Cities, and a multitude of of Trees and Animals. Round her was *Juno* in the middle of Kingdoms and Riches, follow'd by *Hebe* the Goddess of Youth, who continually fill'd out Nectar for *Jupiter* to drink.

*Pallas* Arm'd all over, having a Lance in her hand, with the Liberal Arts, and the Sciences for her Ornaments; she was follow'd by *Diana* Goddess of the Woods, and Huntsmen carrying a Bow and Arrows, with her Nymphs attending her. *Venus* the Goddess of Love and Sensuality, an incomparable Beauty, was drawn in a Chariot with Swans and Doves, and followed by the three Graces her Daughters. After her came *Aurora* Laughing, in a Guilded Chariot, with her rosie Fingers, to proclaim the Coming of the Sun; she was followed by Blind Fortune, having Honour and Riches in her Power, and managing a Wheel which she turn'd about without ceasing.

*Flora* was in the midst of a fine Garden, which produc'd a thousand Flowers, caress'd by the *Zephyri*, which never abandon her; and *Proserpina* with her other Nymphs, who are always busie in gathering Posies. The

The Third Scene represented Mount *Helicon*, *Parnassus* the Fountains of *Dipnocrania* and *Aganippides* Consecrated to the Muses; *Apollo* sate in the middle of that pleasant Solitude, composing Musical Airs and Verses.

Upon the Mountain sate *Pan*, God of the Shepherds; with his Beard, Goats Feet, and Horns on his head, playing on a Melodious Flute. The Goat-footed Fauns and Satyrs, danc'd several Giggs with the Neighbouring Nymphs.

*Cupid* the God of Love, hover'd pleasantly over this Illustrious Assembly, fluttering his Wings with extraordinary Delight and Sweetness, but maliciously surveying all the Arrows in his Quiver, with a design to Wound all the Heroes and Heroesses. He thought fit to Wound *Jupiter* as the most sensible, and metamorphos'd him into all sorts of shapes, as assuming the form of a Bull, carrying *Europe* on his back and passing the Sea; at another time into a Showre of Gold, descending through a Tower of Brass to the fair *Danae*; then into an Eagle to Ravish young *Ganimedes*, and putting himself into all Shapes convenient

nient for his Gallantries; so that we must say here with *Tertullian*, that we must not be surpriz'd at those Natural Inclinations, to which Love carry men, since the Deities themselves give us Examples of it.

All those Gods and Goddesses were the Idols of the *Pagans*, who moreover believ'd, that the Air was full of Petty Gods or Demons, and imagin'd that they did ordinarily imploy themselves in humane Affairs. They paid them homage every day, because of their sublime Vertues and extraordinary Merits, coming very near, say they, to the perfection of the other Deities; and they did ordinarily Consecrate a Dragon to them, as a Mark of their Immortality to which they were Arriv'd, as may be seen in *Plutarch*, where *Cleomenes* was esteem'd a God by the Ægyptians, because they saw a Serpent come out of his body after he was put to Death. All those Fictions did strongly seize the Spirits of those people, and the young following the Example of the Old, made one of the Ancient Philosophers say, that Man was a True Animal of Imitation.

But

But we muſt leave thoſe thoughts, and return to our Theatrical Piece, which was made deſignedly, and by the Dauphin Commanded to be repreſented by the Kings Comedians, on purpoſe to divert thoſe diſquieting thoughts, into which that Monarch falls many times in a day, upon the Account of *France*, which lies deſolate on all ſides, and cries out, that it can do no more, if Heav'n don't Bleſs it with a favourable Aſpect.

Another conſiderable diſquitet, which he Labours under, is how to find Money to maintain ſuch a preſſing War; but all thoſe Reflexions don't hinder the King and Court from diverting themſelves, as if they were in the moſt profound Peace. Every day a thouſand pleaſant deſigns are formed to pleaſe the Ladies. The Comedy entertain'd them a long time in Charming Sports of Wit. All the Princes and Lords taking a mighty pleaſure to give proofs of their fine Genius, by drawing Morals from the Figures repreſented, and applying them conformably to their Inclinations.

I don't find since *France* was Govern'd by Kings, that there has been any Reign more like this of *Louis* XIV. then that of *Hen.* III. When Pleasures abounded, in spite of the Miseries of the Kingdom. Sensuality Triumph'd, and led all other passions Captive. When that Prince had tri'd all the divertisements which Nature had form'd, and deni'd himself nothing which could Charm his Senses; he went in Pennance with all his Minions and Lords, to the Convent of *Augustins*, and to the Great Church of our Lady, two and two, like the Votaries of *Rome*, or *Avignon*, clad in White Holland, in the same manner that is observ'd by the Religious Fraternities.

In this Procession, the King marcht without Guard, or being distinguish'd from others, either by Habit or Order, the singers went before, cloath'd in the same Livery, and Singing the Litanies of the Blessed Virgin Melodiously. All those Pious Penitents being Arriv'd at Church, Sung *Salve Regina* on their Knees in Charming Musick. The Great Rain which lasted the whole day, did not hinder them

them to perform those Mysteries and Exemplary Ceremonies, tho' their Hoods, &c. were Wet through to the Skin.

'Tis ordinarily the Genius of the most Voluptuous, to give some share of their time to Devotion, to make it appear by that External preciseness, that their heart is always fill'd with good Principles, and that all the Pleasures which they are taken up with, bear no proportion to their Piety.

I cannot leave this Subject, without taking notice how well *Henry* III. could make his Devotions and Sensuality agree, by an unusual Sympathy. After having us'd divers Mortifications, during the Festival of *Corpus Christi*, where he was Solemnly present. The Week following, he made a Feast for the Duke his Brother, and the Lords and Captains who accompanied him at the Siege of *Charite*, who were served by all the finest Ladies of the Court clad in Green and in Mans Habit, and all the Guests were Cloathed in the same, being follow'd by Pages and

Gen-

Gentlemen, Cloath'd in like manner; so that, there was bought in *Paris* and other Towns, 60000 Livres worth of Green Silk for the Solemnity.

It may be said without Hyperbole, that this is to carry on their Criminal Pleasures too far, and a very sorry acknowledgment to Heav'n for its Bounties. Men in General have Natural Weaknesses, with which they can in no manner be Reproach'd, without reflecting upon the first Cause as Unjust, God having finish'd and bounded his Nature: It is not in the Power of Man to surmount his Infirmities; but we must distinguish well, betwixt Natural Defects, and those acquir'd by Habit or Imitation. The Latter may be cur'd by care, and our endeavours by good Education, to form a second Life in our selves; for to continue always in Evil, is not to Live.

I have left my pleasant Company to employ their Wits. Let's now see, what our *Heroes* is doing. We shall find her Labouring under Jealousie, not that she Loves the King so intirely, but

but that she is afraid, lest her Rival should carry off some part of her Happiness, and share in her good Fortune. After she had well ruminated on the inconstant humour of the Prince, and reason'd in a Philosophical Manner; she found it good to put a New Obligation upon him, being well assur'd, that that was the way to take him in the most sensible part, and that by this Method, she should always keep her Station with his Majesty; for we are ordinarily thankful, to those who procure us such things, as we believe to be proper for us. Our Marchioness then, to divert that Prince, brought to him at *Versailles*, the most Beautiful Damsel of the World; but you will pardon me, if I don't tell you her Name, because 'tis a Court Intrigue, which we keep very secret for Madam *Maintenons* sake. 'Tis sufficient, that she is under her Conduct in the Abbey of St. *Cyr*. Let's return to our fair Lady, who was presented to the King, on purpose to Charm him, and to give the greatest Mortification that could be to her Rival.

His

His Majesty, whose tenderness to the Sex is unlimited, and who Loves all Amiable Objects, took it very kindly from our *Heroes*, and thankt her very Joyfully, telling her, that he was indebted to her, for the most pleasant Moments of his Life, and that having lost *Madamoiselle de Fontange* that she had also given him, and whom he cherisht alone, as an Adorable Person, and one Worthy to be Loved, This Lady might with Justice be said to fill her place, and satisfie for the Loss which he had sustain'd, finding her every whit as Charming as she was.

*Madam de Maintenon* was extreamly glad, to find that her design had taken so well, and that thereby, she had rendred her self always necessary for every thing that might tend to the satisfaction of the Princes desires, and having brought him acquainted with the Beauty of the *Seraglio*, she left our Amorous Monarch with his New Chains, to satisfie himself at Leisure, with the Pleasures of his New Conquest.

In

In the mean time, she was taken up in her Ordinary Devotion, which was, to pray to God for the Soul of the Deceased *Scarron*, and *Lent* being at hand, she went continually to St. *Lazarus*, to say her Prayers, with an almost unparallel'd Devotion.

*La Caverne*, one of her Maids, whom she lov'd for her good Qualities, Nature having Adorn'd her with a Wit proper for her purpose, accompanied her every where; and her Mistress oftentimes entrusted her with her Secrets.

One Day our Heroess acquainted her with the trouble she endur'd, in Dreaming continually of *Scarron*'s Ghost; I confess to you my Dear, says she, in a Mournful tone, that so long a Penance in Purgatory, is a severe Payment for the Pleasures which we may enjoy here in this World.

For my part, Madam, replyed *La Caverne*, I believe Monsieur *Scarron* to be at rest, and methinks that you have no further need of Praying to the Saints

Saints, and the Saints for Him: and this I obſerv'd when we were together in the Church of our *Lady of Deliverance*; for as you were upon your Knees before her, the good Mother of Devotion ſeem'd to me to have heard your Prayers.

Ah! my Dear, (cry'd the Marchioneſs) how cam'ſt thou to penetrate her Sacred Myſteries: thou muſt have ſurely had ſome ſecret Revelation from Heaven. I feel within my ſelf that Comfort which is not to be expreſs'd, from what thou haſt told me; and with all my Heart I beſeech that Incomparable Saint to afford me her Aſſiſtance all the reſt of my Life.

Never queſtion it in the leaſt, Madam, (reply'd *La Caverne*) for ſhe is a good Conductreſs to Salvation, that liſtens to every word that is ſaid to her with a moſt Saint-like Affability, and works ſurprizing Miracles every day. One of my Couſins, (Madam) who had loſt her Sight with the *Small-Pox*, had no ſooner perform'd a Pilgrimage to this

ſame Queen of Heaven, but ſhe ſaw as well as I do: moreover, ſhe makes the Cooked Streight, and the Dumb to ſpeak, and does a hunder'd other things becoming her Grandeur.

I was inform'd a long while ago of the moſt Admirable Vertues of this renowned Queen of Glory; for which reaſon I cannot do better then in addreſſing my Prayers for Mr. *Scarron*, to this *Maid of Mercy*, whoſe Goodneſs is ſo much to be admir'd. I aſſure thee, I have always had a particular Veneration for the Diſcretion and Civility of our *Lady of Deliverance*: as long as I live I ſhall always make her a Sacrifice of all the Affections of my Heart, my Vows and my Prayers: nay, I will make her privy to all my Sins and Tranſgreſſions for I am perſwaded ſhe will cleanſe me with Hyſop, and pardon 'em all.

What a Happineſs it is, (reply'd *La Caverne*) to find a Loving, Generous Saint, that will pardon us our Sins; for I find, (Madam) that you and I wander and go aſtray every hour of the Day

Day, as Father *Commire* ſaid in his Pulpit laſt *Sunday*. And therefore it behooves us to pray to her, That ſhe would be pleas'd to let her ſweet Fac'd Angels continually accompany'd us.

There would have been no end of this Superſtitious Jargonry between the Marchioneſs and her Secretary, but that ſhe was to ſend her to *Paris* to buy ſomething that was plain and modeſt for her to wear all the *Lent*; for that ſhe reſolv'd to haunt the *Capuchin's* Church in the Dreſs of a Penitent. The Imparting of which Secret to the King, gave him as great a Satisfaction, as if his Minioneſs had made him a Diſcovery of a Gold Mine. Nor did his Majeſty make any Body privy to it, but the Duke of *Luxemburgh*, and that too under Enigmatical Expreſſions, telling him, That he had a Dream which had ſo vehemently charm'd him, that 'twas impoſſible for any man to expreſs in words the Pleaſure he found in it.

Oh——Sir, (ſaid the Marſhal) of neceſſity theſe muſt be ſome Sweets of

Love that have infus'd into your Majeſty this charming Enthuſiaſm. For I know nothing in the world that more delightfully invades our Sences then Amorous Reflections. Moreover, continu'd the Marſhal) I know that you are never offended to ſee your ſelf willingly drill'd along by that inevitable Inclination to which we are reduc'd by the powerful Attractions of Beauty that ſo ſtrongly faſcinate us ſometimes, that we are no way able to defend our ſelves againſt 'em.

'Tis true, (anſwer'd our Monarch) that the Great Pleaſure of my thoughtful Meditations, was to ſee my ſelf be-lov'd of the Perſon moſt deſerving Adoration in the world: but my Happineſs appear'd ſo great, that it ſurpaſs'd my Knowledge. I could have wiſh'd with all my Soul, that the Dream had been real, but Felicities ſo real are ſeldom to be met with.

Nevertheleſs, (reply'd the Marſhal) a Prince that carries a thouſand Charms about him as you do, never ſighs long,

as

as being assur'd of his Conquest. You are like *Cæsar*, you do but see and vanquish. I'le swear it upon all the Evangelists in *Christendom*, that you are passionately belov'd when e'r you please.

In good sooth, (said the King to the Marshal) if all Womens Hearts were as tender as yours, We might affirm our selves happy. But I know some that are not so easily subdu'd. A man must take an incredible deal of Pains about 'em, and yet they continue cruel to the end.

I know very well, (reply'd the Marshall) that a Woman's Merit is extreamly serviceable to her, toward the support of her haughty Humour; but so soon as they begin to love us, that Cruelty ceases by degrees; and then a Man may easily perceive that Love which they take so much care to conceal upon the score of Modesty: and generally 'tis that same Modesty that charms me most: the more Reserv'dness I find in Virgins or marry'd

Women, 'tis all one to me, the more eager am I in my purſuit.

All Men (anſwer'd the King) are of the ſame Opinion: no body loves an eaſie Victory: the Pleaſure conſiſts in the Pains, and Reſiſtance increaſes it, if it be not carry'd on too far. Painters therefore are in the Right to ſhew us Enjoyment attended by a Tomb, to let us underſtand by that Emblem the Death of our Paſſions.

But, Sir, (reply'd the Marſhal), 'tis ſeen that we continually aſpire to what we have not; and when we have it, our Joy deceaſes in the Poſſeſſion. Therefore 'tis better to enjoy the Felicities of Life in Imagination, then loſe 'em in the Taſte of Pleaſures.

That which cauſes this unequal Conduct in us, (anſwer'd our Monarch) proceeds not from our ſelves. Nature is the Occaſion of all theſe Changeable Motions, with a deſign to inform us, that the Creatour is only conſtant and unvariable.

Madam

But then Madam *de Maintenon*, whose Entrance alter'd the Scene of the Marshal's discourse, appearing, said the Marshal to her with a Smile, I thank my good Fortune that has afforded me the Honour of your good Company, which I never could yet enjoy, since I return'd from the Army.

To tell you the Truth, Sir, (answer'd the Marchioness) I have been for some time taken up with a world of Business; beside that, I was forc'd to undertake a long Journey of above twenty Leagues from *Paris*, greatly to my sorrow; for I do not love to be absent from the Court: besides that I am continually slav'd and turmoil'd with looking after my Young Fry at Saint *Cyr*'s.

'Tis very true, Madam, that your Eminent Piety and Vertues are very rare in our Age; for, methinks, Devotion is at a very low Ebb. Any other Person but You would endeavour to make the best of so fair an Opportuni-

ty, being the Darling of so Great a Prince as you are; 'tis a wonder to see you place your Felicity in such Noble and Sublime Employments.

But the King, who was desirous to improve that little time the Marshal had to spend in Winter-Quarters, fell into a long Conference with him concerning the Strength of the Enemy, and other Important Affairs of the War. Which being at an End, the King told him, That he intended to treat him with a Splendid Banquet and a Ball.

The next day, his Majesty gave Order to Madam *de Maintenon*, to take Order for a Magnificent Banquet, and a Jolly Ball, to which several Princes and Princesses were invited, and where all the Ladies of the Court appear'd in the most pleasant disguizes in the World: and the Queen of *England* was the Goddess of that Charming Assembly.

The King, whose thoughts were all entangl'd in his new Chains, carry'd himself

himſelf with an Extraordinary Gaity toward that Princeſs; he never ſtirr'd from her all the while the Ball laſted, making a thouſand Courtly Addreſſes to her, to which the Queen gave all along moſt engaging Anſwers: So that a man would then have thought ſhe had forgot all thoſe Fears, which the Jealouſie of her Rival had infus'd into her.

On the other ſide, our Heroeſs, who was at her Wits end to hear all thoſe Expreſſions that paſt between our Monarch and the Queen, durſt not for her Ears diſplay her reſentment; but rather condeſcended to ſeveral Complacencies, which the King took mighty obligingly at her hands.

'Tis the uſual Humour of the Marchioneſs to favour and forward all the King's Amours: On the Other ſide, ſhe procures all the Lovely Morſels ſhe can meet with, to feed his Pleaſures by the By, a ſort of Afternoons Luncheons in Love; as being aſſur'd that 'tis the Only way to keep Poſſeſſion of

his Heart: but she cannot endure that his Majesty should make the Choice himself. And this is that which has lain heavy so long upon her Stomach, to see the King have such an Inclination for the banish'd Queen. The King also, who wants no Wit, observing her Jealousie, takes great delight, in his turn, to fret and discompose our Heroes's, by caressing the Queen, sometimes, with a greater Passion then ever he shew'd to his Mistress.

The Day was spent in the usual Employment of Eating and Drinking; and now the Night being come, they fell to Dancing helter-skelter. But as for Madam *de Maintenon*, she was always reserv'd in all her Divertisements; and it may be said of her, That she made good the godly Character which she had acquir'd. You shall never see her blither nor more jocund at one time then another; and this Equality of Temper gains her the Esteem of all that see her; and for these Eminent Qualities it was that the King deem'd her worthy of his Affections.

Affections. But Marſhal *de Luxemburgh*, who had taken notice of the Tenderneſs which the King had for the Queen of *England*, being deſirous to aſſiſt him in his Inclinations, took her out to dance ſeveral times; and in regard ſhe carries her ſelf with a moſt charming Air in Dancing, our Monarch ſignify'd his Acknowledgment to the Marſhal, by telling him, That there was no Sight ſo amiable, as to ſee two handſom Perſons dance together.

To whom the Marſhal reply'd, That if there were any thing of Extraordinary and Eminent in him, he was beholding firſt to the Queen's more Orient Luſtre, the Rays of which reflected only upon Him; and that it was a uſual thing for the Sun to ſhed down his Beams upon every Thing in this World, and conferr Ornament upon Things the moſt deformed.

This was look'd upon as a notable Complement for a Soldier, who has not time to ſtudy ſoft Addreſſes to Ladies.

The

The next day, the King remain'd all day long with the fair Queen of the Seraglio, where he display'd the Excess of that Passion which he felt for her; assuring her a thousand times of his Constancy, and the Continuation of his Love, and that he would never so much as seek after another change, as having never met so lovely a Person, and one so worthy of Royal Affection.

Nor was our Prince, who found his Happiness so great, content to load his charming Minioness with tender Protestations; he put it home to her several times, When he should be so happy as to be belov'd by a Person so much deserving Adoration as she?

To whom the lovely Queen, with an Air of perfect Modesty, Sir, (said she) though you had neither Scepter nor Crown to embrighten the Lustre of your Person; yet all your Lineaments concurring with so much Majesty and Accomplishment, 'tis impossible

ſible that you ſhould be put to the Recoil where-e're you attempted Victory. 'Twould be a Crime in Love, to permit a Hero, like your ſelf, to receive a Foil in his Amours.

Charm'd with ſo much Wit and Tenderneſs for his Miſtreſs, he teſtify'd his Acknowledgment in ſo paſſionate a manner, that nothing but the Vehemency of his Love could have ſupply'd him with the Vehemency of Expreſſion.

Madam *de Maintenon*, who then lay at her Abbey, buſily taken up with Religious Care, expected the Queen's Return; who gave her a faithful Account of all the King's Love. On the other ſide, ſhe begg'd her Counſel what Courſe to take for the good Management of this fortunate Beginning. The generous Abbeſs told her, That all depended upon the Firſt Movements, and that no body but ſhe alone could ſecure her an advantageous Succeſs: That her Experience had infus'd into her a little Knowledge in theſe Affairs; and therefore when ſhe was alone with his Majeſty,

jeſty, at the ſame time ſhe ſtudy'd all manner of Ways to accompany her Words with a diſcreet and modeſt Air; a little Haughtineſs (continu'd our Heroeſs) intermix'd with Softneſs, if it be well manag'd, produces no bad Effect; for ſeveral young Ladies have loſt their Fortune, by rendring the Victory too eaſie. Mademoiſelle *de Lude* may ſerve yee for an Example, whoſe good Fortune prov'd ſo ſhort, that one Day began it, and the next concluded it: her too much Condeſcenſion ſpoil'd all; ſhe made too much haſte to be happy, and became unfortunate in a moment. Theſe were the admirable Inſtructions which Madam *de Maintenon* gave her Illuſtrious Scholar.

But Madam *de Villeroi*, who had been ſeverely reprimanded by Madam *de Maintenon*, was under a moſt mortal Affliction, to ſee her ſelf ſo contemptibly look'd upon by that Lady. The important Occaſion of the Quarrel that had ſo warmly chaf'd the pious Marchioneſs's Choler, was this: During

ring her Pilgrimage to our *Lady of Deliverance*, Mademoiselle *de Villerol* had taken a Walk with some of her Companions, among whom were several Courtly Gentlemen, as the Chevalier *Colbert*, the Marquis of *Belfond*, the Duke of *Cheuvreuse*, and the Count of *Bussi*; and she had been a little too profuse in her Expences upon 'em. Madam *de Maintenon* was no sooner return'd from her Pilgrimage, but she was inform'd of Madam *de Villerol*'s Adventure. Upon which, she rated her with all the Rigour and Severity imaginable; she spar'd for no Reproaches the most tart and cutting; telling her, she would never see her more; That she would banish her for ever from the blessed Assembly, where her good Fortune had enroll'd her; That the Habit she wore ought to have put her in mind that she was a Person distinguish'd from the Common sort of young Damsels in the World; and that by meeting Young Men abroad at publick Houses of Entertainment, she herded her self with the Gossips of the Town, that met their Gallants

above

above half way. Did you but know (continu'd our Heroes's to the fair Damsel) how dangerous it is for a young Maiden to hearken to the deceitful Language of such *Enamorato's*, especially Soldiers, who talk at random a thousand things more then they think, and who have no sooner made the Heart of a young Virgin flexible to Love, but they are presently seeking out for another Booty, you would never trust that inconstant and wavering Sex, who thinks their Happiness consists in roving from one fair Lady to another, and never speak sincerely. You see how Painters set forth Love with Wings at his Back, to shew the Lightness and little Consideration of that Passion. It becomes a modest Virgin to stick close to her Needle; to spend her Time in Prayers and Devotions to God, and his Holy Saints; and to endeavour to imitate Them, as the Divine Patterns of her Life and Conversation. 'Tis also very necessary that young Maids should read and study the Life of one of St. *Lewis*'s Disciples, where you find that that same holy Martyr having

having had the Misfortune to feel in his Heart a petty Scuffle between the Flesh and the Spirit, flung himself into a Bath of Water so cold, that it presently mortify'd all the criminal Desires of rebellious Nature. Do you believe, that if the King knew you were a *Coquet*, he'd ever permit yee to live at St. *Cyr's*? Never deceive your self,—he's too Religious a Prince to encourage Libertinism. The Marchioness was just concluding her Morality with several severe Menaces, *If ever*, &c. when Marshal *Luxemburgh* arriv'd to the seasonable Relief of the poor disconsolate Mademoiselle *de Villeroi*, who was presently dispatch'd away to pray for more Discretion for the future. On the other side, Madam *de Maintenon*, who still retain'd that Anger in her Eyes which her holy Zeal had kindl'd in her Countenance, receiv'd the Duke but very coldly: who thereupon demanded the Cause of her Discomposure? Oh,— Sir, (cry'd the Marchioness, if you knew the Trouble that these giddy-brain'd Girls put me to, you would never wonder at it: I endeavour to give 'em good Education,

and

and set 'em an Example of Prudence and Piety; but the idle Baggages are so given to Romances and Love-Stories, so carry'd away with Coquettry, and other considerable Miscarriages, that I have much ado to rule 'em; and this has put me into an ill Humour.

Madam, (reply'd the Marshal) you must consider the Ladies are Young, and Youth is apt to go astray; but riper Years, and your sublime Instructions, will make those deep Impressions in their Hearts, that there is no question but you will reap the expected Fruit of your glorious Labours.

What you say, Sir, (reply'd our Noble Heroes) is very obliging; but there is a necessity of correcting the Vices of Nature, and to make it our business to infuse Vertue betimes. There is nothing in the World so praise-worthy in young Maidens, as Discretion and Modesty; which are the Principles by which they ought to act, and which only can assure 'em Happiness both in this and the other Life.

'Tis

'Tis true, Madam, when Nature has made us a Present of these Noble Principles, 'tis a glorious thing to improve 'em, so that they may be the prevailing Vertues triumphing in our Hearts.

Sir, (said Madam *de Maintenon*) I would entertain yee further upon this Subject, but that I hear my Nephew, the Abbot *d'Aubigné*, entring in, who will certainly alter the Scene of our Discourse.

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# *FINIS.*

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